

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THE disease of the Coalition drags on, becoming worse with the efflux of time and the nation's rapidly growing consciousness that the complaint is fatal. Mr. Lloyd George, having gone into a kind of half-retirement, has half-emerged again, and his holiday at Criccieth is put down to a need for rest. The need undoubtedly exists, but it cannot be satisfied with a fortnight's vacation in Wales. As for the soothing remedies applied by Sir Arthur Balfour, K.G., they have hardly reduced the patient's inflammation. Sir Arthur speaks as usual, but even more than usual, in the air. His theory that party government is for fair weather and a Coalition for foul, is merely a new form of stating the universal charge against the Government that its presence is an inducement to catastrophe. Catastrophe, indeed, is so visibly pending that the time may come when any form of release, even the most temporary, from the Government of Mr. Lloyd George must present itself as a means of salvation. The smaller party movements for a compromise continue; but none of its managers—Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Churchill, or the Secretary for War—have the ear of the country or possess its confidence; while the response of the Conservative groups in Parliament is languid, and the tone of their resolutions both diffident and inconsistent. All that need be said about them is that they are merely the presage of a fall that can only be more or less rapid and more or less disgraceful.

REALLY if this Government had deliberately set to work to destroy the Empire, it could not take a shorter way than that to which the Indian Government and the India Office seem to be joint parties. India is not yet a Dominion; and yet its Administration have chosen a form of pressure on the Imperial Power such as no Dominion Government has ever dreamt of employing. Are we to assume that we are on the point of losing India—that such language and methods are in use? We know what the Indian Government has long thought of the Sèvres Treaty, and have often expressed a qualified sympathy with its plea. But the demand—almost the order—to the Home Government to amend it in three very difficult directions, and the printing of this document in the Press, is at once a breach of the *convenances* of Empire, and a blow at its central force. The Indian Government urges three points—the evacuation of Constantinople, the re-establishment of

the suzerainty of the Sultan in the Holy Places, and the restoration to Turkey of Ottoman Thrace, including Adrianople and Smyrna. As to the substance of these demands, we imagine that the first can be obtained, that the second is very difficult in view of our commitments to the King of the Hedjaz and the Zionists, and that the third is easy in regard to Smyrna and difficult, if not impossible, in regard to Adrianople. But in any case it is for a hostile Foreign Power thus to address a British Government, not an Indian Viceroy. Is the fault of publication Mr. Montagu's? If so, he must go. (As we go to press we learn that Mr. Montagu has resigned.)

THE American response to the invitation to Genoa is a heavy blow at the policy of the Conference, not the less severe that America says with truth that the conditions of a real economic conference are absent. That is the first result of our capitulation to France, with whose Russian policy unfortunately America is in sympathy. Her decision is a fresh argument against the military pact with France. Mr. Chamberlain has more than confirmed the statement which Mr. George made at Boulogne: this alliance is a fixed point in the Coalition's policy, and on its death-bed it is hurrying through a marriage which its heirs will be expected to treat as valid. Now the case about this pact is, we take it, that few even within the ranks of the Coalition actively desire it. It is part of a "deal." If France will be reasonable about "restoration" and forward the Genoa policy, we agree reluctantly to guarantee her frontier. This is in principle vicious. No country ought to desire an alliance unless the other party enters it with some approach to unanimity and *con amore*. That is the view even of the "Temps," which is very properly disturbed because it realizes that Labor and the Free Liberals are opposed to the Pact. But for our part we see no prospect that France is ready to implement any bargain worth having. There is no sign that she will drop the demand for reparations in gold, and still less is she willing to discuss the evacuation of the Rhineland. Some half-hearted compromise over Russia is no equivalent for the Pact.

OUR own case about the Pact is that it is either dangerous or unnecessary. It is dangerous if France maintains her militarism and continues to bully Germany for an impossible tribute. In that case we are making it safe for her to ruin Europe, and with Europe our own trade. But if, on the other hand, France really would adopt the Genoa policy in the spirit, no special pact of defence would be needed. For not only is Germany disarmed, her prevailing mood is resolutely pacific. Nothing but a long course of wanton humiliations and oppressions will ever goad her into an adventure of revenge. If the ever-present motive for revenge were removed, it would be ludicrous to plan exceptional measures of defence. We do not object in principle to a guarantee of the French frontier, if France will adopt a peaceful European policy, but we should balance it by giving to a disarmed Germany an exactly parallel guarantee. The Washington procedure is the model. One wants to merge partial alliances in a general agreement for peace.

THE Cabinet has point-blank refused to consider the request for a grant to relieve the Russian Famine.

It was on December 16th that the three Relief Funds first appealed to the Prime Minister, and told him that the famine had defeated private relief. Since then Nansen has come and gone, and made his deeply bitten imprint on the conscience of England. He appealed in the early days of February, when it would still have been possible to send seed-corn and fodder for the horses which are dying off before the fields can be sown in spring. Then Sir Benjamin Robertson, with his Anglo-Indian experience, and his precise expert view of the famine, reiterated the appeal. Months and weeks go by. The end of it is, amid the absorbing claims of personal ambition and party tactics, that the Cabinet decline to come to the rescue of these dying peasants. If the Cabinet will not so far anticipate Genoa as to lend to Russia the £3,000,000 for which Nansen asked, it is inexcusable that it should refuse the interim grant of £500,000 to the British Funds. That sum, paltry though it is, would suffice for the bare need of food alone in the limited area for which the British Funds are responsible.

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This attitude of Mr. George's Government to the Russian Famine is in singular contrast to the lavish support which it still gives to the fugitives from the armies of Denikin and Wrangel. It appeared from the Commons debate on Tuesday that over a million has been paid out, promptly and without pressure, to these White troops since their defeat. Did any Town Council beg for them, as the Glasgow Corporation did for the famine? Can their friends quote resolutions from Chambers of Commerce, Cotton Exchanges, the Labor Party, the organized unemployed, and almost every women's organization in the country, as the Famine Relief Funds can? Of course not, but Mr. Churchill looks after his friends. Now we are far from opposing charity for these broken and unhappy victims of Mr. Churchill's follies. They are much to be pitied and ought to be helped. But the Government has given a million to help these ten thousand White soldiers. To the twenty million starving peasants on the Volga it has given so far about £40,000, though no one has talked with such eloquent pity of the famine as Mr. George. The moral (until we can vote) is that we must all give, and give again. Every fifteen shillings saves a life. We record with great satisfaction the union of the three funds in a single All-British Appeal. Subscriptions should be sent to its Hon. Treasurer (Algernon Maudslay, C.B.E.), at 35, Albemarle Street, W.1.

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WE learn with much regret that the "Times" has closed its advertisement columns to the appeal of the united societies who are organizing the relief of the Russian Famine. We believe that to be an unprecedented act in journalism, contrasting sharply with the opposite and chivalrous decision of the editor of "Punch." If it is done on the ground that in these hard times money should not go out for the salvation of millions of dying children and stricken peasants, we think that it is an ungenerous and un-English decision. But, in fact, the "Times's" word has been better than its deed. For in its issue of February 1st, it declared that it "strongly supported" the appeal of the British relief societies. And it went on to say: "It is useless to inquire whether these men sinned or their fathers, that they were born to die such a death. Nor can we with an easy conscience enjoy whatever slight prosperity may be ours, knowing that in a large area of Europe human beings like ourselves, who have shared with us the light of the sun and the simple joys and sorrows of existence, are being swiftly cut off because a combination

of dark forces has snatched from them their daily bread. . . . It is worth while to try and make some breach in the stone wall, so that even if millions are beyond rescue, at least some thousands may be saved." Now the "Times" has shut the door of mercy it then opened.

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THE L.C.C. Elections have had exactly the result we forecast in this column. The Labor and Progressive forces have cancelled each other out. While the Labor Party returns to the Council in its original strength, its admirable leader, Mr. Harry Gosling, was defeated in Kennington, and Miss Margaret McMillan was beaten in Deptford. The Progressives have shrunk to a mere wraith of their former selves, and their leader, Dr. Scott Lidgett, was decisively rejected. As a result the Moderates will have an even larger majority for the next three years than they had in the last Council. Politically, the event should be a lesson. But administratively it is disastrous. The plea for economy probably means a drastic cut in the educational service, particularly in the continuation schools, and a probable attempt to lease the L.C.C. trams to the Traffic Combine. In part the result is doubtless due to the unlimited funds spent upon Moderate propaganda. And it is clear that under our bad electoral system, Labor, with its 378,165 votes, has got much less than its proper quota of seats. But the electors were clearly afraid of Poplar finance, and registered their fear at the polls. Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues, in fact, have convinced a good part of London that a Labor majority cannot be trusted with its administration. Their own victory in Poplar is only evidence of the distance which separates the Poplar mind from the rest of London. The outlook for reform in local government is not made brighter by these tactics. Housing, education, and rating reform will all suffer because a single borough did not realize that the fears of the ratepayer need to be nursed into understanding and not outraged.

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ONE thing the Progressive Party will, we hope, do. It is high time for a younger, fresher, and more popular leadership. Strong captaincy has long been wanting, and the absence of it, as the party, we believe, recognizes, was a considerable factor in last week's defeat. Even if this were not the case, Dr. Lidgett is no longer an elected member of the Council, and it seems to us that the last place for a rejected candidate is the leadership of a party.

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THE immediate sequels to the publication of the new Allenby terms to Egypt go far to dash any hopes those terms may have excited. In the first place the Sultan (or Lord Allenby) called on Sarwat Pasha to form a Ministry, and he has composed it solely from his own Moderate group. We had hoped that someone who is neutral in the feud of Egyptian parties and has the confidence of both might have been chosen—for example, Masloum Pasha, the President of the old Legislative Chamber. Secondly, Zaghloul Pasha, who had been kept for a while at Aden before being sent to his distant place of exile, has now been definitely deported to the Seychelles. There is no mistaking that gesture. The masses, who undoubtedly believe in Zaghloul Pasha, will tend to regard Sarwat Pasha as a rival who has got rid of the national leader with the aid of British bayonets and ships. In these conditions it is not surprising that the Zaghloulists, in so far as they can declare themselves at all under martial law, express their scorn for the Allenby terms. There have also been riots at Tintah. One fears that Sarwat and Adly Pashas, if they are to maintain them-

selves in power in such circumstances, will be tempted to draft an oligarchical Constitution. Imagine an Irish settlement based on the acceptance of the banishment of Mr. de Valera by Messrs. Griffith and Collins, while the British garrison remained and martial law with it. It looks like another false start.

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MR. FISHER'S detailed speech at Kingston last Saturday merely adds to the anxiety of those who have followed his educational record. He renounces twelve millions out of the proposed Geddes cut of eighteen. But the loss of 5½ millions is full of mischief. The provision of meals for necessitous children, secondary and higher education, the continuation schools, all these are to suffer in the interest of electoral economy. Mr. Fisher merely masks the very serious changes he is making with the plea that he has rejected more than two-thirds of the Geddes proposals. The obviously unpopular proposals are dropped; the more recondite and meaner effort remains. The danger that the public will be taken in by this method is real enough. The enlarged class is a technical change which makes itself felt to the teacher only; the outsider realizes its results only when the child has grown up. Nor has Mr. Fisher attempted to guard the teacher against the reactionary local authorities. He requires from them a minimum wage scale; but he is not suggesting that they are bound by the Burnham Report. The Caermarthen County Council has already suggested to the County Councils Association the need for drastic revision; and the failure of Labor in the recent local elections makes the success of this proposal very far from remote.

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LORD NEWTON did well to make a protest in the House of Lords against the scandal of the innumerable Allied Commissions which have been battenning on the defeated countries ever since the Armistice. They are all overstaffed, and often have nothing whatever to do; among a population starving on paper kronen, they are paid in sterling, and their servants flaunt their wealth before the eyes of the vanquished. A Commission which spent a whole year in ascertaining (what everyone knew) that Austria can pay no indemnity, cost Vienna 7,500,000 kronen. A British private attached to the Military Commission in Hungary receives each month the whole annual salary of the Hungarian Premier. Four full admirals (with suites to match) are sent to disarm four obsolete river patrol boats. An Allied typist in Bulgaria receives two-and-a-half times the salary of a Bulgarian Cabinet Minister. The Military Commission in Budapest costs more than the whole Hungarian Army. The worst case of all is the occupation of the Rhineland, which eats up the whole German indemnity and leaves a deficit. The Government's answer was a weak plea that we cannot act without our Allies. It is time we did.

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UNTIL Wednesday the Executive of the Amalgamated Engineering Union nursed a hope that the employers would help them out of their difficulty and enable them, by agreeing to some modification of the management and overtime proposals, to make a fresh recommendation to their members. A conference between the employers and the union officials was arranged by Dr. Macnamara, but it broke down completely over a proposal by the union committee that managerial functions "shall continue as hitherto." The employers' interpretation was that the union representatives were determined to maintain "any restrictions which they have been able to impose as a result of the abnormal conditions during and after the war." A further proposal that overtime on ordinary work should not be

called for if additional men could possibly be employed was not discussed, as the deadlock occurred on what the employers describe as the fundamental issue of managerial functions. At the time of writing the union leaders had given no hint of their intentions, apart from making another appeal to the Minister of Labor. The danger of a drift into war is, of course, intensified by a belief among the men that the employers' strategy is to break the engineers as the miners were broken last year.

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THE PROVISIONAL Government has serious trouble on its hands in South Tipperary and Limerick. In South Tipperary a Commandant and several hundred men of the I.R.A. are in open revolt, maintaining themselves by levying tribute on farmers and landlords. Limerick has been invaded by another body of mutineers which has commandeered the principal hotels, together with one of the wings of the lunatic asylum. This force is said to be four hundred strong. Mr. Mulcahy, the Minister of Defence, has arrived in Limerick. So far there has been no collision between the mutineers and the Free State troops. The incident does not look less grave in the light of a speech by Mr. Brugha at New Ross, Co. Wexford, who said that the men of the army, if they were going to be overcome by the votes of the people who had made no sacrifice whatever, and to be made British subjects, would probably make themselves heard in a much more striking manner than by merely registering votes. In other words, Mr. Brugha and his friends want a Terrorist Republic.

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Is this what Mr. de Valera wants? If not, if he is really anxious that Ireland should decide her own destiny, if, we may add, he is loyal to the Sinn Fein agreement, he is bound to denounce these militarist *coups*. The signs of disorder are becoming very serious, and such incidents as the robbery in Dublin, which ended in the murder of Mr. Max Green, are inevitable in a country where it is the custom to carry arms and young men have become accustomed to using them. The Bishops have all denounced the reckless opposition to the Treaty, and at a great and successful demonstration in Dublin on Sunday, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins dwelt on the dishonesty which would use the Treaty to secure evacuation and then attack the Free State. Evacuation is proceeding, and there has been a startling sequel to a serious incident in connection with the surrender of barracks at Tipperary. On Thursday in last week twelve members of the R.I.C. were ambushed on their way from Tipperary to Dublin. One constable was killed and ten were seriously wounded. According to Mr. Martin it is alleged that the whole affair was arranged between certain R.I.C. constables and some of the I.R.A. mutineers, the constables having agreed to sell rifles, ammunition, and bombs to these rebels against the Free State.

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WE give warm welcome to the appeal of Bishop Gore and others to make the eve of the next anniversary of the outbreak of the war the occasion of a great demonstration in favor of "no more war." This effort comes, we are sorry to say, in the wake of a similar and very promising movement in Germany and elsewhere, but it is much better late than never. It should be an imposing, even a vast, spectacle. For the danger of a new war is hardly less than it was in July, 1914. And the new war will not be to end war but to end us. Therefore we hope that Conservatism, Liberalism, Radicalism, Trade Unionism, and every other "ism," not excluding Churchism, will join this attempt to show that the lesson of eight years ago is being learned at last.

## Politics and Affairs.

### A LESSON IN POLITICS.

WE have always maintained, as the grand argument against the Coalition, that it worked to the confusion of the public mind and the destruction of the sense of honor in politics. We have only to look at the acts and utterances of its leaders in order to see how abundantly this criticism is justified. The Prime Minister has been attacked by a powerful and growing section of the Tory Party on the ground that he is no Conservative but a Liberal. Mr. George, not in the least degree denying this impeachment, which his "National" Liberal following declare with one voice to be a true description of his political character, acknowledges its justice by going into a semi-retirement and calling upon his Tory colleagues to keep order for him in the gallery as a condition of his resuming his performance on the stage. Mr. Chamberlain, enumerating all the things that the Government of Mr. Lloyd George is not, calls heaven and earth to witness that these are the true Tory principles. Sir Arthur Balfour, never at a loss in a game of casuistry, declares that Liberalism and Toryism are equally dead, and that, as there was never any difference worth mentioning between them, the best way to govern the Empire in such a pass is to have no political principles at all. As these gentlemen speak, so they act. Mr. George himself proposes to go on conducting a Government by the help of a Tory majority. Yet he is in effect on offer, at one and the same time, to the "National" Liberals, to a Central grouping, to the Independent Liberals, or even, maybe, to the Labor Party. A few days ago one of his chief Liberal lieutenants opened a path for his return to the Liberals. The Manchester tender broke down. But any port in a storm for a distressed master-mariner. If Liberalism would not serve, a Centre Party, made up of Liberals and Tories, and any outlying breakwater of conviction, or no-conviction, might do as well.

Now all this falsity and confusion arise from one simple cause. That cause is that Mr. George, having played the Tory game long enough and wanting to be a Liberal, lacks the pluck and honesty to say so and—go. The Tory revolt against the Prime Minister is an honest movement, and has let in a gleam of light and truth on the half-world of Coalition politics. Since 1918 there have been two Lloyd Georges on the stage. The first was the George of the War and the Treaty, of the campaign of the Black-and-Tans, of Dyerism in India and coercion in Egypt, of the blockade and the White invasion of Russia. But it is the second Lloyd George with which the Tory Party has to do. Conservatism might have borne to see the man of Genoa replace the man of Versailles. But the Treaty with Sinn Fein, the surrender in Egypt, the pause in India, have made his name to stink in the nostrils of Tory Imperialism. It is ridiculous to suppose that in the average Tory mind the time-honored creed of Empire has undergone any such refining, evolutionary process as Sir Arthur Balfour pretends to discover. Toryism is the doctrine of the mastery of the governing class. That army is everywhere in retreat. It has seen province after province of the old British dominion yielded up in what, with some justice, it calls a policy of scuttle and surrender. There has been no order in these successive goings; no sign that they stood for the victory of reason over force. There has not been a scrap of glory, or even of dignity, in the anabasis of England. If Necessity was our master, we have obeyed her without a single gesture that an Imperial race could remember with pride. The

Liberal, or the sympathetic student of Mr. George's mentality, may, if he pleases, look to a good issue of these policies, or see a return to nature and temperament in one of the wildest transformation scenes in British history. But to the Tory moralist it reads like a tale of Yorktown.

All this is a lesson to men who, recognizing that the old party system is over, must still crave a return to moral order, even in politics. Because a *junta* is breaking down, the way is not barred to the association of kindred minds, impelled to common action by the needs of our country and of our times. Even if the project of Genoa is wasting to a shadow, a great reality of suffering, a wide prospect of ruin and permanent loss to humanity, present themselves to our statesmanship; and if Mr. George had always seen these things in their just perspective, he might have achieved, as it is fair to say that he has opened, the true path of rescue. Now on the more hopeful side of politics the trouble differs widely from the squabble in the Coalition. There men fear to unite, even when they know that they might sit in council together for the whole period of a Parliament without finding a serious ground of difference. Take as an example the story of the rise and fall of the Progressive Party in London. There never was a more useful political invention. A great impulse to citizenship stirred all London, and reminded her that she once possessed a life almost as vivid as that of Athens or Paris. Imperial Ministers and pro-Consuls, famous administrators, financiers and men of letters, thought it an honor to be members of the first London County Council. Conventional party ties were thrown aside in the service of London; the fear of Socialism, that bogey of the English political mind, disappeared, and Labor fell into its proper place as the Left Wing and pace-maker of a party of municipalization. Immense progress was made; and new conceptions of politics passed into practical and, as it seemed, enduring form. Base as was the newspaper attack that destroyed the ideals of new London and brought the profiteering spirit back, it could never have succeeded if the Progressive and Labor forces had held together. But Labor was too impatient, and the Progressives grew weak and compromising. Now the latter are reduced to begging a seat or two of their enemies, while the former constructs an honest programme, nicely calculated, by its demand to socialize everything at once, to turn every London butcher and milkman into a "Municipal Reformer." Result—while Labor achieves a respectable strength, London is given over to the exploiter in the hour when a bold civic policy, with middle-class idealism and workmen's enthusiasm behind it, would have seen London safe from the squalor and corruption that are now preparing for her.

Is there to be a worse catastrophe in Imperial politics? There is no need. The Coalition has disgusted and half-ruined England. It cannot defend its policies, for they defeat each other. And it cannot govern; for its time and energy are spent on the intrigues which rend it asunder. But is there an alternative? Yes and No. No—if the spirit of faction prevails. Yes—if the Labor Party can learn the lesson that selection and concentration are essential to politics, and the Liberals can recapture their gift of thinking and planning for a not too distant future. With the warning of the war and the Russian revolution before it, the British Labor Party must needs be looking to the revision of the social contract, not to dissolving it by force; still less should it talk dissolution when it means revision. The moment its prudent and experienced leaders speak their full mind, the way is clear—not for fusion with the Liberals, that would be fatal—but for reasoned co-opera-

tion in common ends. To this team-work all European politics tends just in proportion as its expression becomes more accurately and honestly defined. Whatever Labor and Liberalism think to-day, the time is fast approaching when they will have to co-operate in government. But how can they do that if they come fresh from a series of bitter encounters at a good third of the polls and platforms of Great Britain? It is pitiful politics to say that Labor does not aim at governing England. Of course it wants to govern England. But as things stand it is unlikely to be able to govern alone.

Equally it has no right to deal in power or in votes with a weak, static Liberalism, the Liberalism that could not tackle the European problem in time, and since the war has, for the most part, preached middle-class politics. Now this was not even the old Liberalism. The Gladstonian method was that of the evolutionary politician. Gladstone took a great coming problem and concentrated his mind on it until he had succeeded in making the country an active partner of his thought. Now though the Gladstonian method was good, the content of national policies has undergone a change. The Gladstonian problems were political. The modern problem is social; and the idea of solving it without a large contribution from the constructive thinking of Labor on foreign policy, on the treatment of industry, and on finance, is to invite revolution, or to sink back into slavery to property. Here, without any straining of consciences, is a basis for a Labor-Liberal *entente*, holding a definite promise of a strong Government for England and a good hope for Europe. Who, seeing the way that the world is going, dare defeat its promise?

#### P. R. AND THE CRISIS.

NOTHING is quite certain about the political flux in which the country is floundering, save that it must carry us before many months have passed, into a General Election. There is, indeed, for such confusions no other solution known to the Constitution or the wit of man. Our electoral system is, however, an instrument palpably unfitted for the new uses to which it must be put. In the last century, under the two-party system, it may have served as a rough indication of the fluctuations of opinion. It became obsolete with the entry of the Labor Party into national politics. It brought about the distortions and exaggerations of the last General Election. In our present situation, one might as well use a woodman's axe to fashion an ivory miniature. For it is obvious that the Coalition, so far from leading to the simplification of issues and opinions which was the design of its architect, has actually led us into the group politics familiar to most Continental democracies. Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead have struggled hard to dramatize our politics as a sharp-cut conflict between a good and an evil principle. Property, and the middle class, with a familiar capitalist philosophy, were to be rallied in a compact majority against Labor, otherwise known as the Red Peril, and all the finer shades of opinion were contemptuously ignored. The nation has refused to fit into this scheme.

The reality is a clearly drawn division into at least five definite groups: one of Labor (with a tiny Communist appendage), two which use the name Liberal, a big Conservative Centre, and a far from negligible body of Tory Die-hards. One may imagine sundry manœuvres and compromises by which these five groups might be persuaded for the temporary purpose of an election to reduce themselves to four, or even to three, but the union

would be artificial. Arrangements and combinations are inevitable if the government of the country is to be carried on. The time has come, however, when the arrangement should be made after the election and not before it. The elector has his rights. It is proper, it is even necessary, that he should have the opportunity of casting a clear-cut vote. We know approximately the relative strength of these five groups in the present House, but no one could give even a plausible guess as to their relative voting power in the country. It is fairly certain that none of the five groups has anything near an absolute majority, nor is it likely that the Conservatives, even if they were united, could secure a majority. The next Ministry will have to rest on a composite following. The Centre, or part of it, will have to bargain with the Left or the Right. The whole destiny of the Empire, and perhaps of European civilization, may turn on arrangements in the making of which groups of thirty or fifty members will be decisive. Everything may depend on whether a given group counts as thirty or fifty. If we are to have honest politics, if we are to realize anything better than a haphazard show of democracy, it is essential that these groups should not rest upon the accidents of machine-politics, local or central, but that they should have behind them a definite and coherent body of opinion which supports them. One wants to be sure whether a Tory Die-Hard was returned because his constituency really held "Morning Post" opinions, and not for the usual reason, because no other choice was open to it. If the average man has to make up his mind between a Right Tory and a Left Socialist, one can hardly say that he has voted at all. He has chosen the lesser of two evils. He has not backed his own opinion. On our present system it is only an infrequent chance which allows him to do so.

It is not surprising that the Prime Minister, who hitherto had refused to give his attention to this aspect of electoral reform, should have learned in adversity to value its importance. He profited in 1918 by an utterly disproportionate representation of his own following. If Labor had a single and very magnetic leader, the usual exaggeration of tendencies to which the majority vote leads might very well favor it. Certainly, if Mr. George's National Liberals should desire to stand alone, they would risk the same annihilation which overtook the Free Liberals at the last election. What, then, is the appropriate mechanism for this situation? It is said that Sir Alfred Mond has been charged by his colleagues to report on the respective merits of the alternative vote and proportional representation. The two devices are not in any sense opposed. The alternative vote is, of course, an integral part of the proportional mechanism. The whole question is whether one can make an adequate use of it in single-membered constituencies. If only one member has to be chosen, it is certainly a gain to be able to indicate one's preferences among three or four candidates. If one cannot elect the man of one's choice, it is some consolation to help the election of the second-best. But while this device may prevent the worst absurdities of a confused election, it certainly does not tend to exact representation. No violent wrong may be done to the tendencies of the constituency, but neither does it do them justice. It would tend to favor the Centre parties, and might work out very unfairly for the two extremes.

It is only when this method is applied to much larger constituencies, returning from three to seven members, that there is a chance for each big group to return at least one man of its choice. It will not happen even then that every vote cast can elect its chosen man, but no vote fails to tell, and, on the whole, over the country at large, it will happen that each group will

return its fair proportionate number of members. Theoretically there is nothing to be said for the single-member constituency. Nor do we admit the smallest weight for the argument that "P.R." is too complicated for the intelligence of our countrymen. It is now the rule over the greater part of Europe and in several of the Dominions. What Irishmen, Tasmanians, Belgians, Germans, Italians, and Bulgarians can manage, is not too difficult for us. The argument from difficulty rests on a confusion. It may require a moment's clear thinking to grasp the arithmetical process by which the calculation is made in distributing "remainders." The recording officers must certainly understand elementary arithmetic. But the voter is only asked to mark the figures 1, 2, 3 against the names on a paper. If that seems to him too complicated, then, for our part, we should rejoice in his absence from the poll. We no more desire an educational test for voters than a property test. But an automatic test in keenness, which obliged a man to be quite sure whether Smith is the Wee Free or the Communist, and confronted him with a choice among eight or ten names, might work satisfactorily if it kept the really stupid and indifferent voter at home.

It is said, of course, that in these large constituencies with four or five members and ten or twelve candidates, the personal touch between the representative and the voters would disappear. We agree. But we think it vanished long ago, and we doubt if it ever has been much more than a tradition since household suffrage came in. It had a meaning in a little rotten borough. Certainly it is gone to-day, with practically universal suffrage. We know a candidate who reckoned, on fairly adequate statistics, at the last election in a borough constituency, that only 5 per cent. of the electors attended any indoor meetings at all. About 60 per cent. voted. How much "personal touch" was there in that case? Indeed, we should ourselves prefer the form of proportional representation which is usual on the Continent. The "list" system rests on even larger constituencies—and, of course, the larger the constituency the exacter will the result be. Each party presents a list of its candidates and the elector casts his vote not for the individuals but for the lists. In other words, he votes frankly for parties, for programmes and principles rather than for persons. If the party committee chooses unacceptable persons and tarnished names, it will suffer in its total vote. The votes cast for any list are then held to elect the due proportion of names upon it in the order given. The lists may be linked together so that a second preference may be indicated. In Germany an ingenious system of supplementary national lists uses up the ineffective votes, so that if the Communist vote, say in Elberfeld, has not availed to elect one member, it is collected in the national pool, and may then, with the aid of similar remainders from other places, elect two or three members from the national list of the party.

It is a fair and very accurate plan. It does result in a perfect reflection in the House of the opinions of the constituencies. It practically abolishes all the frivolities and disguised corruptions of electioneering. It may seem to make elections cold and dull and a little inhuman by our standards. But it cannot be unpopular in Germany, where 90 per cent. of the electors often vote, as compared with 60 or at most 70 per cent. here. The objection to it is that it may be thought to place too much power in the hands of the party committee, which draws up the list and fixes the order of the names upon it. If, for example, I am a Labor voter, I may not be satisfied with a list which begins, say, with the name of Mr. Thomas and places Mr. Lansbury near the

bottom. I may want to vote for Mr. Lansbury, but the odds are that I should only succeed in electing Mr. Thomas. The objection is not of much practical force. For given P.R., parties which at the present include such dissimilar opinions as those of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Lansbury, do not cohere for long together. In Germany they would not belong to the same party, and it makes for confusion that they do so here.

It would be a mistake, however, to dwell unduly on the disputed merits of one system of P.R. over another. We happen to think that the method which was popularized in this country by the splendid perseverance and the persuasive nobility of the late Lord Courtney's character, had elements of an individualistic theory which have lost their meaning in modern politics. We should prefer to see voting placed frankly on a basis of opinions rather than persons. But any honest system of P.R. is so immeasurably superior to any form of the majority vote, that we should welcome the adoption even of a much less perfect system than Lord Courtney's as the salvation of democracy. Democracy does not work at present. It has worked very ill for a generation at least. For the despotism of Cabinets, the over-stressed discipline of parties, the impotence of the electorate, and the general decline among active-minded men of the faith in representation, there is at least a partial explanation in the bluntness and roughness of the instrument which we use. There is time to improve it before its inadequacy is demonstrated once again.

#### HEAPING FUEL FOR THE FIRE.

Most of us remember a sentence that we learned in our Latin grammars to illustrate the uses of the ablative case: "When Hannibal might have used his victory he preferred to enjoy it." In the dealings of Capital with Labor, as in the dealings of nation with nation, the victor seems always to make the same fatal choice as Hannibal. At a time when every sensible person realizes that Europe's recovery depends on our success in modifying the consequences of the blunder of Versailles, all the big employers are bent on repeating that blunder in their relations with their workmen. During the war, and for some little time after, the workers found themselves in a stronger position than at any previous time in their history. They had improved their position not only in respect of wages, but in respect also of general conditions and of their status in their several industries. This was due partly to economic causes, partly to methods of industrial organization that had been made necessary by the war, partly to the general revolt in the public mind against the social conditions that preceded the war.

The Labor Party and the Trade Unions, as we read the history of the last three years, made some considerable mistakes in their management of this situation. They ought, we think, to have used statesmanship more and warfare less; to have aimed at keeping the public sympathy, and to have consolidated their gains with an eye to a future in which events were bound to weaken their position. This would have meant a less heroic policy than the policy they pursued, but it would, we think, have conserved their strength. The Whitley proposals were moderate and cautious, and it is easy to understand why Labor leaders, who thought themselves in a position to win much more for the workers than these proposals offered, were lukewarm and even suspicious. Their suspicions were increased by the

conduct of the Government, its haste to decontrol industry, and its treatment of the National Industrial Council. But if the whole power of the Trade Union movement had been used to extract from these proposals all the advantages that they offered, the Trade Unions would surely have been in a stronger position than that in which they find themselves to-day. The war had produced in the case of the Cotton Control Board and the Woollen Control Board two experiments in industrial organization that were of the greatest value to the workers, and every effort should have been made to retain them. Many persons in the Labor movement hold that nationalization of all industries is ultimately desirable, but those who hold that it is immediately practicable are not serious statesmen. What, then, about the industries that are to be left for the time in private hands? It seems to us that on the lines of the Whitley Report and the Control Boards of the war, an effective share of control could be secured by the workers, and that if the Labor leaders had defined a policy on these lines, and if Trade Union action had been directed to this object, the Trade Unions might have been strengthened in advance for the day when the slump in trade would turn the tables.

The Labor Party made their mistakes, we think, at a time when economic forces were still on their side. But these mistakes fade into insignificance in comparison with the mistakes by which the employers are now inviting further catastrophe. They think that they have the workers at their mercy, and that they stand to gain by pushing their advantage to the uttermost. The miners find themselves in a desperate position partly in consequence of the shameless behavior of the Government, partly in consequence of the Government's ruinous blunders in international policy, partly in consequence of their own mistakes after the Government had betrayed them. How do the mineowners use their victory? The Sankey Commission reported in 1919 in favor of nationalization of mines and of royalties and a particular form of democratic control. Ministers rejected this scheme, and chose in its stead the smaller reforms proposed by one of the members of the Commission. The miners opposed the Government scheme, and demanded the Sankey scheme. Two years later, with wages falling below the 1914 rates and a great deal of unemployment, they ask for the scheme they rejected two years ago. It is now the turn of the mineowners, who reply that they will have none of it, thinking that now the men are down on their luck any concession is unnecessary. In a similar spirit the engineering employers, knowing that the A.E.U. has paid out between two and three millions in unemployment pay and that its funds are almost exhausted, determine to compel the workers to acknowledge that under the agreement reached in 1920 respecting overtime, full discretion is left to the employers. The agreement was ambiguously worded. Systematic overtime was to be avoided, and necessary overtime allowed.

There have been a number of local disputes over this agreement, the workers maintaining that the Union must have a voice in deciding whether overtime was necessary in any particular case. The leaders of the A.E.U. were so conscious of the weakness of the Union, and so afraid, as Mr. Brownlie has shown, that the employers would welcome a quarrel in order to attack other agreements as to wages and hours, that they recommended the Union to assent to this demand. Their advice was rejected on a ballot in which only a small minority of members troubled to vote. The employers then decided to lock their men out. Meanwhile, the

shipbuilding employers presented a demand for a reduction of 26s. 6d. a week, a demand that was rejected by the workers by a majority of ten to one on a small ballot. The Union representatives proposed that the issue should be submitted to a Court of Inquiry under the Industrial Courts Act, but the shipbuilding employers, copying the example of the mineowners and the engineering employers, declared that they would not have any interference with their management of their industry. There are rumors, which we hope are false, that among the textile employers there is a movement for depriving the cotton workers of their eight-hours day.

If this spirit prevails, the employers are simply heaping up fuel for the fire. Taking even the narrowest view, it is quite plain that the workers of to-day cannot be treated as their grandfathers were treated in the trade slumps of a century ago or the 'Forties. It is the blindest folly for employers to imagine that they will not have to pay a heavy price sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, for enjoying their victory over men who have fought in the trenches. The engineers are weak at the moment, but they are not docile or easily intimidated; it was in their ranks that the shop-steward movement began. As far as the public interest is concerned, it is safe to say that this shortsighted, intransigent policy is far more dangerous than the crudest and least considered scheme of nationalization. These tactics should warn any observer against putting his trust in the big business mind to which the nation has been taught to turn for direction and guidance, for the management of these disputes shows how poor the large capitalists are in the qualities of leadership or foresight.

The industrial system in Europe is in much the same case as the political system after 1815. Our ancestors tried to keep alive and prolong a political system which had been fatally undermined by the great war and its revolutionary spirit. Throughout Europe the large capitalists are trying to withdraw all the concessions that were made to the new spirit in industry in the first months of the peace, and to set up again in its full integrity the industrial system that was undermined by the great war and by its spiritual disturbances. That attempt will end like its predecessor. But the Europe in which our capitalists are attempting this restoration is not the Europe of 1815, and catastrophe will come much more quickly. And of all the leaders of the reactionary enterprise, there are none for whom less excuse can be found in the history and circumstances of their nation than the men who are trying to break the power of the Trade Unions.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

CINCINNATUS has returned to (a much-shaken) Dictatorship, and for the moment resignation can wait, and the plough be left standing in the untilled field. But the crisis in the Tory Party is as bad as ever. The point is that Mr. George has asked for "guarantees," and it is clear that none of the speech-makers of the week—neither Mr. Chamberlain, nor Mr. Churchill, nor Sir Arthur Balfour, nor Sir Laming Worthington-Evans—have been able to deliver these much-wanted goods. It is not merely a question of opinion, though there the breach is obvious enough. The truth is that the Lloyd-Georgian stock has run out, and cannot be renewed. Patching, compromising, postponing, formula-faking—

all are being tried, and in vain. The Government is a failure. It is coming to be a worse failure in England, in Ireland, in India, in Europe, everywhere and on all subjects, every hour of its life. Mr. George wants to get out of the mess, and he will take any path that offers—National Liberalism, a bolt back to the Liberals, the formation of a Centre Party—which secures him a measure of credit and support, and releases him from responsibility and from the galling yoke of Toryism. It is astonishing that able men and journalists cannot see so simple a position and try to avert it, or to temper the wind to a Minister so shorn of credit and consistency. It cannot be done. The Coalition is not an ordinary Government that has failed. It is a tax, a danger, a muddle, a moral disgrace, and an Empire-wrecker.

As for Sir George Younger, he means to go on. He knows that the crisis in his party is a real one and will not pass, and that he speaks on it as a representative man. He will therefore cancel his intention to retire, and stand for the next Parliament. Clearly then, if Mr. Chamberlain asks him to bind himself over to be of good behavior, he will reply that he is a Conservative, saying what most Conservatives think, and that if Mr. George is, as he declares himself to be, a Liberal, he must find a Liberal, not a Conservative, following. How can this ground be contested? It is merely a slight extension of that on which Mr. Chamberlain has taken his stand; for if there is nothing material between the two wings of the Coalition, why cannot he be trusted to occupy the same platform and to accept the same leaders? Therefore Sir George thinks that though the Prime Minister holds to-day, he will go to-morrow. In other words, there must be an early election or a new Government. The question is—Who will form it? For the moment Sir Arthur Balfour has placed himself out of court. But after all the Sir Arthur of yesterday was the Mr. Balfour of 1916, and the Asquithian of those days found no difficulty in taking the Georgian shilling. Is Lord Birkenhead the stalwart for Coalition? A few months ago he was prepared to bury it. Mr. Chamberlain's character is not of this shifting sand; but it was he who vetoed the strategy of the General Election, and, in fact and almost in name, Sir George Younger was his spokesman. Where, then, is Mr. George's stand-by in the Conservative leadership? Seek it in the melting snows, or the litter of last year's leaves and policies.

I THINK the Labor leaders are treating the political crisis with wisdom and circumspection. They will not make any hasty committals, or come to any decisions they may have to revise later on. But they keep steadily in view the end of the crisis, which is, of course, the expulsion of the Government. A little more in the background is the question of an alternative, and that is almost shaping itself. War on Liberalism is obviously no tactic at all. And I know of only one Labor leader who thinks that Lloyd Georgism is a thing with which terms can be held, or a useful alliance or understanding created. Mr. Webb has leaned to this view from time to time. But Mr. Webb, though a great intellectual, is hardly a strategist, and his simple Machiavellianism is more an amusement than a concern to his colleagues. What Labor wants is not to have another Georgian period, but to be rid of it. No party suffered more under the endless caprices and betrayals of the war and the after-war Governments, and the men who were the victims will think long and well before they trust such statesmanship again. "Down with the Government,"

therefore, is as much a Labor policy as it is a Liberal policy, or a Die-Hard policy, or a man-in-the-street policy.

I HAVE seen no contradiction of the "Morning Post's" story of Lord Trevethin's resignation; but if it is true, it is a discreditable one. It is that the late Lord Chief Justice was willing to resign in December, and made that offer to the Prime Minister; that Mr. Lloyd George asked him to reconsider it; that Lord Trevethin then withdrew his resignation and went on with his work, only to receive on Thursday last a letter accepting the withdrawn offer. The next day the name of his successor appeared in the papers. If this is the sequence of events, it confirms the cynical story of the appointment. In plain words, Lord Trevethin was expected to keep the Lord Chief Justiceship in waiting for Lord Hewart. He was an old man; a good lawyer, he could not be called a Judge of eminence. Certainly a more fitting tenant was available and willing. Why, then, was he not appointed? The suggestion was that it was not politically convenient. A cheaper way to treat a great office could not be imagined. All is in the wrong atmosphere; as was the semi-political and most unconstitutional use of the Lord Chief Justiceship to which since Lord Reading's time we have been accustomed.

LORD HEWART himself will not let down his office. He is too clever, too direct and well-furnished in mind, and too shrewd a personality, for that. One wishes one could say more. As Lord Chief Justice he ought to be of the reformers; yet with all the training of his youth he was not even a Liberal Attorney-General. And he will be liable to fall at once into the narrow and hard interpretation of law which in the hands of a generation of small men has become a tradition of our Bench. Of the intelligent, however, there is always one thing to be said. It is not necessary to despair of them. The temptation of politics is removed; and the new Chief Justice has only to think of the profession in which he shines by the remarkable quality of his mind.

THE London County Council suffers a heavy loss in the defeat and withdrawal of Mr. Harry Gosling. If ever a statesman sat at Spring Gardens, it was he. No finer character, no more honorable public man, no more persuasive or knowledgeable advocate of the claim of Labor, and no one better fitted to give counsel in any Committee of the Realm, beginning with the highest, is engaged in the public life of England. His word and thought always commanded respect on the Council, as in the leadership of Labor. What Spring Gardens has missed, Westminster, one hopes, will not long lack.

SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR! Fie, what a fall is there! To think of a man of taste—and of such taste as Mr. Balfour's—dropping the simple and rare distinction of "Mr." to join the innumerable company of the Sir Oddly Knighteds. I suppose the Garter is very well in its way. But for many a year it has not been thought good enough for a Prime Minister or an ex-Prime Minister. Indeed, I am right in thinking that when Mr. Asquith was invited to quit the honorable band he declined the suggestion, Garter and all. But Mr. Balfour was not only a "Mr."; he was the archetype of all the Misterys; wherever he moved and had his being their noble and dwindling heads were raised in modest exultation. In moments of despondency, when the world seemed to have become one vast knighthood, I myself have been heartened with his



name. "He at least is sure; and while he survives, Misterdom can never die." Such was the inspiring thought. And now!

SIR JAMES BARRIE may one day have to be careful of his reputation as an amusing playwright. Probably it is in no danger, for an audience at a West End theatre will laugh at anything, and may be trusted to find handsome entertainment on the Day of Judgment. And indeed "Shall we Join the Ladies?" is as excellent a piece of comedy as one could wish to see. Only it happens to be a masterpiece of the peculiar character of the "Maison Tellier," or "The Red Death." Not a stroke fails. Sir James seems to be quite as whimsically playful as usual, when in fact he is painting an earthquake. There is no need to describe the subtleties of an art which turns these bedizened ladies and friendly gentlemen, that loaded and lighted table with its gleaming surface and Pickwickian president, into a Feast of Skeletons, with a fearful Inquisitor as host. Let me say that it is an art such as only a master knows how to use and how also to economize. Its movement is *macabre*. Yet it contrives to be lightest when its purpose is most profoundly disquieting. The audience at St. Martin's, as I said, laughed consumedly at the spectacle of Smart Society suddenly discovered and denounced for a gang of he and she Borgias, and clearly thought Barrie as fine a droll as ever. So (as in the Great War) all was well that ended well. Let me add that the representation is the most finished piece of workmanship to be seen (in my knowledge) in London.

A FRIEND lately returned from the States gives me the impression of at least the partial failure of Prohibition. He declared that this year's import of whisky is the largest ever known, that there is hardly an effort to stop it, and that the police have been utterly corrupted by the enormous bribes they receive from the illicit buyers and sellers. The importation from Canada, for example, is hardly disguised. My friend gave an instance of a man who bought twenty cases of whisky, gave two away to the police on the border, and drove off with the balance of eighteen. A chief means of evasion was through doctors' prescriptions of whisky. They were lavish and indiscriminate. In one instance the doctor merely handed over his "dope" prescription to a drug store (chemist's shop) and allowed him to dispense to whomsoever he pleased. Only the form of excess had changed. Street drunkenness, for example, had almost disappeared with the closing of the saloons, but home drinking had taken its place.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE ABOMINATION OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

"A man who watched a trainer with his iron hook (thrust into the tenderest parts of the hide) teach an elephant to lie down exclaimed: 'Why do you do that?' 'To make him lay down,' was the reply. 'But it's brutal.' 'Well, ain't he a brute?' 'I know,' persisted the man; 'but you should do it some other way.' 'Mister,' said the trainer, in a tone of finality, 'there ain't any other way. You can't break animals with a feather duster.'"—M. B. KIRBY, "The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts."

THE House of Commons Committee of Inquiry into the treatment of animals trained to perform resumed its sittings this week, and it is time that a normal public

opinion should make up its mind between that powerful trade union, the Variety Artists' Federation, who are defending the interests of the animal trainers, championed (not, we hope, with full knowledge of the character of this industry) by a Labor M.P., and the "cranks and faddists" he and they attempt to deride out of their crusade.

The evidence collected is derived from two main sources—convictions in the Courts (obtained, for obvious reasons, with the utmost difficulty) and sworn statements and affidavits by eye-witnesses. What (reserving comment) are these statements, to the truth of which witnesses swear a legal oath, in many cases at the risk of losing their employment, and in one of personal danger? The following represent a minute percentage of the whole. A showman was convicted for keeping a bear in a cage "only big enough for a terrier," and another for goading with a spike and dosing with whisky a sick elephant which fell down twice before performance and subsequently died. Another was convicted for piercing a dromedary until the blood ran down its legs, and for whipping a bull covered with scalds and sores. Bears have been taught to dance by keeping them on a sheet of hot iron while music was played. Another trainer was convicted for spiking and hooking her elephants under the tail and behind the ears until the blood poured down, and another witness testified on oath to seeing elephants driven to the top of a chute by hot irons. A trainer was seen to thrust a pronged pole repeatedly into a lion's open mouth, which was "a mass of sores." Trainers have been prosecuted for jabbing broken lions about the eyes, nose, and mouth to make them into "wild beasts of the forest," in other words to pander to the depraved appetites of the Roman arena-hungry audience. A trainer was seen to train his bear by hitting it continually across the snout with a log of wood. He told the witness it was necessary to keep this up daily for six months until the bear "knew his master." Another witness swore to a lion being kept five days without food or drink between the trainings with trident and whip. A trainer was convicted for keeping his bears under the stage all day long in boxes in which they could not stand upright nor move from side to side. They were never released from them except to come on the stage. A trainer told a witness that he hung up his dog every day by the hind legs from a trapeze to teach him a balancing trick. Another witness declared on oath that she saw a dog trained to stand on its fore paws by being beaten with a thin wire rod on the belly. A trainer was seen by a witness to begin savagely beating his baboon for no obvious cause. When questioned, he said it was to "keep him under." Another trainer was convicted for thrusting a stick into a bear's nostrils for "discipline." The cases of merciless and gratuitous flogging for the same reason are endless. Thus do men become worse than wild beasts in order to teach beasts to parody the more inept actions of men.

Sjamboks, tridents, spiked collars, saddles, and clubs (for lions), steel spikes, electric cages (for making tigers jump and roar with make-believe ferocity), wire whips, are the normal properties for training stage animals. One method of grinding down a bear's spirit into the abject submission necessary for training purposes is very ingenious. The animal is lassoed and a "choke" collar attached. When he is helpless, a hole is punched through one nostril and a metal ring clamped to it. The bear rips it out, and a second ring is inserted in the other nostril. If this is torn out, the hole for the ring is made in the septum of the nostrils, and if that fails, through

each ear. There is a case on record of a bear so recalcitrant to education that he tore the ring out five times and saved himself thus from the amenities of further discipline. An eye-witness relates how a tiger was trained. First noosing and lassoing; then a heavy collar with rope attached. He is now ready for the trainer, who enters the cage with revolver, whip, and steel fork. The beast springs—and the men holding the rope outside the cage haul sharp on to it at the top of the parabola, bringing him down with a crash on the floor. The trainer then goes for him, pounding his nose with the butt end of the whip and jabbing with the fork, until he is forced to rest from exhaustion. The process is continued—spring, fall, pounding—until the spirit is cudgelled out of him. The way he was then forced up into an iron seat is too disgusting to repeat. Enough that at the end of his first day's training he literally fainted, and was only got on to his feet again "with the uncertain step of locomotor ataxia" by being doused with bucket after bucket of water. A fortnight of this and his tigerhood departed. A broken, slavish shadow of a once burning mettle was ready for the arena.

The actual training of animals for the stage is only the fiery part of their ordeal. On the one side, there is the performance—the routine of imbecilities which is the goal of their torments, the mental disgrace of their audience, and their own unremitting strain, bewilderment, and constant terror of the consequences of failure in feats even more unnatural to them than bounding on all fours and eating and drinking without hands is to men and women. The psychological rack of satisfying their trainers up to a compulsory pitch beyond the orbit of their natural intelligence is on its own plane as severe as the physical martyrdom endured to achieve it. On the other side, the conditions of stage travelling and accommodation make it inevitable that they should be confined in boxes, packing cases, and cages, cramped very often to their own lengths, where they lie from rehearsal to rehearsal or performance to performance in darkness and damp, and without respite, exercise, variety, or interest of any kind. As animals are often trained through starvation, a refinement of pain is distilled from the hours of listless waiting. There are people with heads even softer than their hearts who maintain an analogy between the tricksiness of their own pet creatures and the vulgar grotesqueries of performing animals. They forget that the latter are professionals, machines for extracting money for mountebanks; that their antics are compulsory; that they must not on any account fail; that speed and efficiency must go together, and force and terror are the only agents that will make them. A performing animal that is not drilled down to the final obedience of mechanical response is a contradiction in terms. One marvels at the magnanimity of these miserable beasts—that they so seldom turn and rend their persecutors—until one sees it is not that, but the last abasement of craven terror. It takes some terrorism to make an elephant groan like a man in anguish, a bear shut its eyes and cover up its face, and a tiger whimper.

It is a grim thought that civilized human beings should behave like savages in their darker religious rites in order to make animals behave like lunatics. It is grimmer that there is method in the madness, and system in the savagery. But it is grimmest when one reflects of the responsibility Labor must bear in championing the trade that lives by these atrocities. The history of Trade Unionism has been one of an effort to loosen the grip of the master upon the human servant, and, however vaguely, one has come to associate the progress of Labor with a freer and more enlightened vision of well-

being. And here we have one of the most prominent trade unions entering into an arrangement with a Labor M.P. to safeguard the interests of employers in their struggle to keep in perpetual servitude, under monstrous conditions of housing and by methods of deliberate cruelty, a form of labor which receives no pay and cannot voice its own wrongs. Labor can well afford to dissociate itself from such a cause.

### LI. G. AS HE APPEARS.

THE Prime Minister has been ill this week, and we have no doubt the illness comes at the psychological moment. For it excites human sympathy, a kindly trait in mortal man, for everyone knows sickness. The poet's Ferishtah went even so far as to suppose that the Almighty inflicted pain and sickness upon our race in order that loving-kindness might abound. For, addressing the tyrant, Ferishtah says:—

"Therefore, Mihrab Shah,  
Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim  
Laila my daughter for thy sport,—go on!  
Slay my son's self, maintain thy poetry  
Beats mine,—thou meritest a dozen deaths!  
But—ulcer in the stomach,—ah, poor soul,  
Take a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!"

At all events, we feel that now is the time for human sympathy to set about its healing work, and to treat with gentleness the man who is temporarily out. So we turn with pleasure, at this happy opportunity, to two books of caricature specially aimed at the Prime Minister. For British caricature is always gentle and sympathetic, its very last object being to hurt the wasp it saves from drowning, or the serpent it strokes.

Happily for our British cartoonists, nearly all our politicians have presented them with some peculiarity of physique or dress to catch hold of. Lord Morley and Lord Grey, it is true, are exceptions. It is difficult for a cartoonist to express faultless integrity or even high-browed solemnity when there is little peculiarity in face or raiment. In most cases, what opportunities our politicians have given in the hair, the nose, the hat, the collar! When we think of Dizzy, the first thing our mind recalls is his curls as Tenniel drew them. The memory of Mr. Gladstone is a vision of the Jovian eye, the wild back hair, the irrepressible collar of Harry Furniss's imagination. We all know what satirist in the old "Westminster" gave Joseph Chamberlain his tilted, aggressive nose and fox-like tread. Some survivors may still dimly remember the art that caught Palmerston's inmost character in a hat slightly on one side and a straw in his mouth. As to Mr. Asquith, his long hair does it—his long hair and pursed-up mouth, as "Max" has shown.

And now we have Mr. George. Evidently, he was difficult at first. Young men are difficult; it is years that bring the philosophic mind and the countenance to match. As we see from "Lloyd George, by Mr. Punch" (Cassell), the cartoonists could not make much of him in his early manhood. They had little but an eye with a twinkle, a moustache, and a square figure to help them. Readers did not know him then. It is not till he had been in Parliament some twenty years that we begin to see the dim similitude of Lloyd George as we know him now. We see it first, perhaps, in Mr. Bernard Partridge's picture of "The Arch-Druid of Downing Street," where the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1910, having brought in his famous Budget, is singing "Land of my Fathers" to the Eisteddfod. But after that, how rapidly the years have

brought the marks of character! From stage to stage we pass through all that variegated career till we reach the magic trainer making the elephant of the Unionist Party stand on its head upon the tub of the Home Rule scheme in 1919, while he observes to the audience, "All done by kindness." Or till, last August, he says to a row of his stalwart supporters, "When I say About turn! you're to turn about smartly—thus," while his body disappears in a whirling mist. Or till, in the issue of the same day, Uncle Sam says to him, "Say, your man Northcliffe is some Press-agent; he's made all our folk crazy to welcome you at Washington." There we have the smile, the narrowly closed eyes, the triumphant self-satisfaction, the tiny touch of cunning.

In words, the inner character of the man has been described often enough by friend and foe. It is only the description of anyone by a foe that is ever interesting, for no one pays attention to a string of eulogies. But let us take the very latest description which has come to hand, by one who writes neither as friend nor foe. It is a quotation in last Tuesday's "Times" from "Prime Ministers and Presidents," by General Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, who is described as "a well-known diplomatist and traveller." General Sherrill writes:—

"Always there gleamed from between those narrow lids a something—what was it? Certainly not frankness. There ensued a pause, as if he waited to see if he had made an impression; and if he had failed, instantly he chose another way to do so. Then, having succeeded, open wide flew the eyes, and the franker expression returned."

Observe the use of the comparative "franker." The General continues:—

"It is a very real charm, a mixture of the orator—and he is a wonderful orator—and the actor. As the latter he is unsurpassed. He gets under the skin of every character he assumes. It is not by change of costume merely—but by facial changes, by bodily differences, by, it may almost be said, a transformation of the very texture of his brain. If an auditor should exclaim that there is an attempt to deceive him, let him not forget that the political actor is at the same time deceiving himself, so heartily has he entered into the part."

If the Prime Minister "gets under the skin" of every character he assumes, no other cartoonist, to our mind, gets under the skin of the Prime Minister so skilfully as "Low" of the "Star," some of whose cartoons have been collected, like those of "Punch," into "Lloyd George and Co." (Allen & Unwin). The only mistake in the book is the absence of date, but it does not go back before the Armistice, when Mr. George could stand—shall we say hand in glove, or heart to heart, or back to back?—with "Low's" glorious creation of the two-headed ass labelled "Coalition." If we could only reproduce the drawings to some of the following scenes! "The Argument; a difference of opinion as to the direction of the winning-post," representing Mr. George astride the Coalition ass, whose two heads are biting at each other, beside a signpost guiding to Coalition Toryism, Coalition Liberalism, and Half-and-Half. Or "The Hypnotist," representing the two-headed ass seated upon a chair in hypnotic quiescence, while Mr. George, bellows in hand, explains to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, the subject being now completely under the influence, I will proceed to blow him up with hot air, whereupon he will think he is having a square meal." Or "David in the Lion's Den," representing Mr. George on all fours, with maddened hair, saying to the huge lion of the Jingo Press, "What are you sniffing for? Can't you see I'm a lion like yourself!" Or "Crossing the Rubicon," with Mr. George softly laying his clothes aside, and stealing across a stream by moonlight into the land of Toryism. Or "The Angels of Peace"—Mr. George and M. Briand flying to

Washington, led by a bloodstained vulture, and supported by Foch on a monster gun, and a giant labelled "God of War," with "War" scratched out and "Love" substituted. Or "The Wizard who can't Finish his Tricks."

But the titles are not much good apart from the drawings. In each of the cartoons one feels that the artist has got "under the skin." That is where the "Low" cartoons are so far finer than "Mr. Punch's," which, like photographs, more resemble the outer appearance. Here is the heart of the man between whose narrowed eyelids General Sherrill saw something gleaming that certainly was not frankness. Here, too, is the mixture of orator and actor, and, in both, that "transformation of the very texture of his brain," so that, where there is an attempt to deceive, the orator-actor is at the same time deceiving himself. But self-deception comes very near that "lie in the soul" which the old philosopher regarded as the worst kind of lie. And the cartoonist somehow contrives to get into his little figure a light-hearted irresponsibility, the happy-go-larkiness of an Artful Dodger, the jolly resourcefulness which "gets away with the goods." There is something irresistible in the smile with which the buoyant little person confronts every situation, even failure, even disaster. It is so childlike and bland. Like a child playing upon Vesuvius, he stands there, unwitting yesterday's lava-storm or what to-morrow may bring. Or like a conjurer who knows that if this trick does not come off, the next one will, he smiles and goes on. So heartily, with the artist's abandonment and want of self-respect, has he entered into his part, whether it be robbing henroosts, or hanging the Kaiser, or making homes fit for heroes, or denouncing Labor, or nationalizing the mines, or defending reprisals, or letting loose droves of doves across St. George's Channel. There never was a more extraordinary temperament; or one that lived on easier terms with an intellect and a character.

## Letters to the Editor.

### CAPITALIST COLLECTIVISM.

SIR,—I do not suggest that our productive capacity, in the sense of being able to produce what other people can afford to buy, is greater now than before the war. It obviously is not at the moment. What I maintain is that, given an effective demand and a proper economic equilibrium, the potential productivity of our industry to-day is greater than it was before the war. The increased productivity of the blanket industry is not so exceptional as Mr. Dobb supposes. Practically every industry "was stimulated more than the average by an abnormal increase in demand during the war." I know of no statistical estimate of our total production during the war, and I should be glad to know if any of the authorities mentioned by Mr. Dodd have made any calculations. Mr. Salter comments on the need for an inquiry into this question in his "Allied Shipping Control" (page 19).

I do not agree that my plan for large-scale organization and "valorization" for raw materials and foodstuffs is inflationist. At the present time, owing to deflation, prices are for the most part below cost of production. Any valorization scheme would fail unless the producers were guaranteed fair prices. This necessity for a rise in prices supplies Mr. Dobb with an excuse for condemning it as inflationist. My reply is that if we leave matters to right themselves the present slump is bound sooner or later to lead to a further process of inflation, which will be accentuated by the present falling off in the production of raw materials and foodstuffs.

The rest of Mr. Dobb's criticisms I had partly anticipated in my last article. I do not of course advocate "competitive

trusts," nor do I agree that world monopolies are quite "impossible," as Mr. Dobb assumes. We virtually had them during the war, and there is a growing movement towards something of the kind among farmers in producing countries. I think this movement promises something better than a mere intensification of class conflict. But what does Mr. Dobb mean by the "capitalist class"? Does he include the farmers who produce foodstuffs and raw materials? Even Lenin has had to give up the "class war" as applied to agriculture.

The problem of control, however, remains, and I count on the support of Mr. Dobb's "world proletariat" to insist that world monopolies should be run as public services. But it is not merely the proletariat that will demand public control. A recent suggestion that the League of Nations should control the International Oil Combines came from the Commercial Motor Users' Association of Great Britain! There is no fundamental identity of interests even among capitalists.

I cannot pretend to follow the mysteries of the Douglasite creed as expounded by Mr. Egerton Swann, but he raises the interesting point whether "steadily falling prices" are not more desirable than stability. I hold that stability is more conducive to progress than a steady fall.

The world's problem is to secure in the first place sufficient foodstuffs and raw materials. If you leave this to private producers you must offer them reasonable terms. What the farmer wants above all things is stability and security. He has enough risks to encounter without being exposed to the prospect of "steadily falling prices."

Even if prices fell only as costs of production fell, I object to creditors and bondholders reaping a large unearned increment. I should prefer to see the community reap the benefit of lower costs by taking the increased profits and applying them to education, scientific research, and "dividends for all."—Yours, &c.

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

#### TOLSTOY AND THE WAR.

SIR,—In your article on Tolstoy's most interesting essay, "Christianity and Patriotism," you say: "Mr. Edward Garnett notes the significant fact that during the Great War Tolstoy's name was never mentioned, and that none of the great man's recent biographers have dwelt upon this special section of his teaching."

As a biographer of Tolstoy, I plead "not guilty" to both charges. In the second volume of my "Life of Tolstoy" (which when it was published was very kindly reviewed by Mr. Edward Garnett) pages 290-292 are devoted to the visit Déroulède paid Tolstoy, which occupies two sections of "Christianity and Patriotism." From page 461 onwards I give some ten pages to a statement of Tolstoy's attitude towards war and patriotism, as developed in his series of essays on the subject; and on page 497 I specially mentioned the article "Christianity and Patriotism," and indicated its relation to the preceding matter.

As Tolstoy wrote some 5,000,000 words for publication, and the essay in question contains, in Russian, less than 20,000, I may claim to have given it a very full share of space.

Then, again, far from avoiding mention of Tolstoy's name during the Great War, the Oxford University Press at that time published my wife's and my translations of "The Cossacks" and three other stories, as well as "Anna Karenina," besides republishing "Resurrection"; these were followed later by "A Confession" and "What I Believe," which contain the basis on which Tolstoy denounced war and government. "Essays and Letters," in the same series, includes the essays on "Non-Acting," "Non-Resistance," "Letter to a Non-Commissioned Officer," and "Patriotism and Government" (a companion essay to "Christianity and Patriotism"). These together set forth Tolstoy's whole position on the matter; there is no ground, therefore, for the suggestion that the question has been burked.

May I add that my shorter biography, "Leo Tolstoy," published during the war, again contained explicit mention of "Christianity and Patriotism," and of Tolstoy's views on the whole subject?—Yours, &c.,

AYLMER MAUDE.

#### NAPOLEONIC BLOOD IN OTTO BRAUN?

SIR,—Mr. Havelock Ellis's most timely and interesting essay on Otto Braun, in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for February 25th, brings back to my memory a visit which I paid ten years ago to his parents in Zehlendorf, near Berlin, where they possessed a little country house. I had come to see Otto's mother, Frau Lily Braun, whose book "In the Shadow of the Titans" ("Im Schatten der Titanen") had been translated by an English friend of mine, and I was to report to her about the chances of its publication. During the conversation on publishing and other matters, the extraordinary thing happened that both parents dropped into silence and left their guest alone to converse with their boy—a mere boy then of about thirteen years, who was sitting opposite me on the sofa, and seemed to be overjoyed to discuss with a visitor from over the Channel the political and social affairs of Great Britain. I was immensely struck with the handsome boy's intimate knowledge, not only of the daily and historical events, but likewise of the theoretical and profounder aspect of English politics. And with all that there was no atom of conceit in this youth, who was certainly only young in years, but very mature in mind and judgment. How careless he was of any impression made upon his visitor was shown by the fact that he himself liked to ask questions and willingly sought information on some points of detail—a behavior which is rarely seen in mere conceited persons, who generally love to show off their own wisdom, and are consequently better lecturers than listeners.

After spending two most delightful hours in this house, I left—and I distinctly remember that I could not find the usual compliments which an amiable guest is bound to let loose upon the proud parents of a wonderful child. I instinctively felt that any such "sweets" would have been entirely out of place here. The parents knew, because they couldn't help it. Otto Braun knew, because he couldn't help it. And a casual visitor, like myself, knew, because he couldn't help it. It was certainly the first time in my life that I had been impressed by the mind of a mere youth. I took a cab back to Zehlendorf Station—the villa was far out in the country—and I pondered, while driving along the tedious *chaussée*, about what I had seen and heard. Here in the midst of State-drilled Germany, there was a young man who was a personality. Here, quite near to Berlin, to barbarous and northern Berlin, there lived a child of culture and of sunny Athens. . . .

The great war was over, and for seven years I had heard nothing of my young acquaintance. One day, early in 1920, when walking through the Potsdamer Strasse, I discovered in a bookseller's window a book which contained a selection from Otto Braun's diaries and letters, published after his death by the pious hands of his father and a friend. I bought and read it, and was again confronted by the same puzzle: by the entirely un-German aspect of this boy's mind. A Goethe, the least German of the Germans, could not have written that. But was Otto Braun really of pure German stock? He thought himself akin to German mentality, and friends have since assured me that he became an ardent patriot during the war. But there were many patriots during the war—and most of them not over-endowed with intelligence or critical power. Whence the intelligence of this exception amongst the patriots of Europe?

Mr. Havelock Ellis, confronted by this enigma, suggests: "We seem to see here, not a mere natural caprice, a miracle of youthful facility, such as Cowley was, but the natural and normal child of some titanic race the world has never known." But has the world never known this titanic race from which sprang Otto Braun? Otto Braun's mother tells in her book mentioned above—the translation of which, by the way, I have never succeeded in placing, either in England or in America—that she was the grandchild of a certain Jenny von Gustedt, and Jenny von Gustedt was the natural daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon and King of Westphalia, by Diana von Pappenheim, a German lady of his court. Like all the Napoleons, Jerome was a very remarkable man, and like all the Napoleons he was calumniated by that sad creature, the "patriotic" historian. The Germans, to this very day, call him König

Lustig, but Lily Braun publishes in her book the letters of her great-grandfather to his two illegitimate German daughters, and these, together with her own narrative, succeed in giving a much nobler picture of Napoleon's youngest brother and her great ancestor. "Jerome," she says, "was endowed with a bright mind; he possessed an affectionate and easily inflammable heart. His cult of beauty reminds us of Florence, the city of his ancestors. His contemporaries tell of his beauty, of his intelligence, of his courage, of his noble bearing and fascinating amiability. Even as an old man he knew how to bewitch friends and foes alike."

The laws of heredity are by no means entirely known to us. But what is pretty well known is the fact that a character sometimes "jumps" over several generations, in order to appear again in a grand- or great-grandchild. The solution I give here—the suggestion of Napoleonic blood in Otto Braun—may therefore be more than a mere suggestion. It is, anyhow, my own, and perhaps hasty, solution of a riddle with which the world of European literature is confronted after the great war.—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR LEVY,  
Editor of the authorized English  
translation of Nietzsche's works.

Hotel Hansa, Wiesbaden, Rhénanie occupée.

MR. GANDHI AND THE MOPLAHS.

STR.—May I be permitted to criticize some more points in Mr. Houghton's letter of February 11th?

Mr. Houghton states that the Moplah outbreak is due, not to Mr. Gandhi, but to the failure of the Madras Government to educate the Moplahs, and to its refusal to allow members of Mr. Gandhi's non-violent movement to enter the district for six months previously.

Education is a matter on which the Indian Government has been frequently criticized. It is quite true that only a very small proportion of the population of India has received any education, but this fact, as a criticism of the Government, is somewhat misleading when judged from a European point of view. At the beginning of British rule in India, education, in our sense of the word, did not exist. A system of education—a wrong system, some say—had to be founded, organized, and paid for. Schools and colleges had to be built, and teachers had to be educated, and then trained to teach. All this cost money which had to be raised by taxation: private generosity contributed nothing. A very limited number of Indians took advantage of the educational opportunities offered to them, while the masses showed no desire for education. Progress was very slow because education without strict Government control was found to be a waste of money. Young India has always looked on education more as a means of passing examinations, and thus obtaining Government posts, than as a means of acquiring culture; and scientific education has not appealed to it at all in the past. Of late years the Indian politician has begun to demand compulsory education for all. There are not sufficient teachers for this: the standard of education obtained by compulsion would be so low as to be a waste of time and money. As to lack of education being one of the causes of the Moplah revolt, which developed into a religious rather than a political outbreak, directed more against the Hindus than the Government, it may be asked whether education has eradicated religious animosity in Ireland.

It is somewhat difficult to follow Mr. Houghton's argument that one of the causes of the Moplah outbreak was that members of Mr. Gandhi's non-violent movement were not allowed to enter the district. The Moplahs are a backward and fanatically religious race, always ready to fight for their religion. Included among Mr. Gandhi's "non-violent" followers are many Mahommedans who have made political capital out of Great Britain's treatment of Turkey after the war. The Califate movement is almost entirely political. Before India began to take an interest in extremist politics, she took little interest in Turkey. The object of the Califate movement is to show that Great Britain is endeavoring to destroy the Mahommedan religion. This movement naturally appealed to the Moplahs; and the non-violent Mahommedan followers of Mr. Gandhi, who are even less non-violent than his Hindu

followers, found them an admirable instrument for use in the cause.

The Moplahs, however, had views of their own. Their religious fanaticism, inflamed by Mahommedan extremists, was not satisfied by a rebellion against the Government. In a very short time the outbreak was definitely directed against their Hindu neighbors. With unspeakable ferocity the Moplahs robbed and murdered Hindus, burned their houses, villages, and crops, raped their women, and forcibly converted them to Mahommedanism, under penalty of instant slaughter. In short, they raised the banner, not of Indian Nationalism, but of Islam.

To show how much Mr. Gandhi's followers have the good of their country at heart, they did nothing but hush up the real facts. They showed no sympathy with their co-religionists, and they never raised a rupee towards mitigating their sufferings. And yet it is said that the Gandhi movement is a national movement with a constructive policy, and that India is able to rule herself.

The Moplah revolt is a clear sign of what may happen in any part of India should British control, already relaxed, disappear altogether.—Yours, &c.,

N. B. P. S.

MR. JONATHAN CAPE writes to point out that the published price of "Restoration Comedies" is 15s., and not 5s. as mentioned in our review last week.

Poetry.

THE CURLEW AND GOLDEN PLOVER.

THE Curlew and Golden Plover  
Nest highest upon the moor,  
Hatching their eggs and dwelling  
The nearest to heaven's door.

There by the lonely summit,  
On the black and heathy earth,  
In the haunt of the clouds and thunder,  
They break from the shell to birth.

With never a tree to screen them,  
And no roof but the skies,  
They neighbor the naked vastness  
That over the cloudland lies.

The sun is their foster-father;  
They bask in him without let;  
The first to welcome his rising,  
The last to watch him set.

The moon is their sweet companion;  
She lends them her lamp for guide  
When they roam to feed by the rivers,  
Or the sea-beach at ebb-tide.

With voices tuned to the tempest  
That rocks them as they fly,  
They send up into the vastness  
A lonely challenging cry.

They love the sublime things only;  
They have strength enough for their mood;  
They scorn to crowd on the lowland  
With creatures of tamer blood.

The heart of their joy is freedom;  
The sun, the moon, the heath—  
These have sufficed them living;  
These shall suffice in death.

Night and day by the summit,  
While round the tempest rolls,  
They purify in the vastness  
Their clean and passionate souls.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE financial world is always upset by political uncertainties. A change of Government—even of an unpopular Government—is always awaited with anxiety, especially when there is great doubt as to what manner of Government may succeed. The City does not love the Coalition, or like its record on economy and finance, and would not, perhaps, bewail its demise; but it has a lively fear of a Labor Government, due, in no small measure, to the vague dread that Labor might conduct the nation's finances on Poplar lines. Whatever view may be taken as to the reasonableness of such apprehensions is beside the point; the fact remains that political upheaval, or the promise thereof, disturbs financial markets, and creates that air of uncertainty that checks business expansion. That is the main reason why the Stock Exchange boom of a fortnight or three weeks ago has given way to comparative quietness. The quietness, it is true, is only comparative, for gilt-edged markets are still very good, with Funding Loan and War Loan the features and Home Rails were again well supported. But many other sections are marking time. Some types of industrial shares naturally felt the effect of the engineering crisis, but, in general, such temporary contraction as there was in the scope of Stock Exchange business may be attributed to political ferment. It is held by many close observers that, granted an absence of political uncertainty, the recent boom will shortly be renewed in full force.

### THE INVESTMENT OUTLOOK.

Many investors are, at the moment, feeling the position rather difficult to weigh up. Those who have eschewed adventure and have pursued the wise course of placing most of their money in gilt-edged stocks are beginning to ask such questions as these: Has the gilt-edged boom reached its zenith? Will not a trade recovery send down gilt-edged quotations? Would it not be wise to take profits now by selling gilt-edged holdings? But if this latter course is pursued, where is there opportunity for safe and attractive reinvestment? Of all these questions the last is by far the hardest to answer. As regards the others, experience points to the probability that a substantial trade recovery, when it comes, would depress gilt-edged quotations. But when will it come? A study of trade reports from all parts of the country suggests the general conclusion that, on the whole, trade is a little better than it was. But more cannot be said, and the continued failure to resettle Europe means a prolongation of the time during which no real trade boom, at any rate, can be expected. A trade recovery of sufficient dimensions seriously to depress the gilt-edged market does not, therefore, figure as an immediate contingency. Quite possibly gilt-edged securities may rise higher in the near future. I know competent dealers who look confidently for another big advance. These observers introduce into their calculations the hope of a further Bank Rate reduction next month. But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the zenith has been reached, investors should still retain most of their money in this class of security. A good proportion of absolutely first-class stocks is the indispensable feature of all sound investment lists at all times. To sell out freely and rush into industrial and speculative securities in the hope of a trade boom is, under present conditions especially, a game which no small or moderate investor can afford to play. For such, the only sound policy is to keep a large proportion of their money in gilt-edged stocks; to rejoice if they rise further, and be philosophical if they relapse. Having established such a foundation, the investor may look about for securities with higher yields or speculative chances, in the hope of bringing up the average yield on money invested.

### TREASURY BONDS BY TENDER.

The last issue of Treasury Bonds, which was "on tap" for only three weeks, was withdrawn in the middle of February. Since then rumor has been busy with the idea that a new series at a lower rate of interest was to be put on

the market. The Chancellor of the Exchequer set uncertainty at rest by stating in the House of Commons on Monday that the sale of 5 per cent. five-year Treasury Bonds will be resumed on March 17th. But these will not, as heretofore, be offered at a fixed price. They will be sold by tender like Treasury Bills. The tender system for Government securities of more than a temporary nature was tried in the first spring of the war period, but has not been tried since. The Treasury can certainly justify its re-trial of this experiment on the ground that under it the State will borrow on terms that are as advantageous as possible to the Exchequer, and consequently to the taxpayer. But to the ordinary private investor the tender system is not welcome. Naturally the latter wants a fixed price and bonds of small denomination, and does not like the job of calculating what price he must offer in order to obtain the bonds he would like to buy. So the ordinary investor, at any rate, is not likely to figure much in the subscription lists to the forthcoming issue. There is a considerable difference of opinion on the merits of the experiment. One thing that seems fairly certain is that total subscriptions will not be very heavy. But probably the Chancellor is not aiming at raising a large sum in this fashion. His chief aim is probably to test the market. If he wished to raise a large sum he would find the public hungry for a fresh issue of the normal fixed-rate type. Meanwhile there is a boom in sale of National Savings Certificates in which I hope my readers are participating, for the present terms of the offer only last a few more weeks.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE EXCHANGES.

The German mark still wallows in the depths, and the Austrian kroner has again weakened—a perpetual reminder of the long-continued failure of statesmen to do anything effective towards the rehabilitation of Europe. After its long-continued and steady rise, the New York rate—that is, the value of the pound sterling in terms of the dollar—has had a set-back. This relapse may be temporary or it may not. It may be that it is due merely to profit-taking by speculators and that the upward movement will be resumed after an interval. Recently when the rate had climbed to \$4.43, optimists were hoping for a comparatively quick achievement of the goal of parity, \$4.86. Such hopes have been recently proclaimed by certain bankers and other responsible persons in the City. But forecast in the matter of any exchange movement—even that of the New York rate—is exceptionally difficult and dangerous under the present complicated conditions of international finance. The last lap in the journey of the dollar rate to parity will be the hardest, and there are still many who do not look to see it achieved. That reaction is more likely than continued recovery is the view, of course, of devaluationists, who appear, by the bye, to be growing in number.

### NEW ISSUES.

Boisterous and almost embarrassing welcome continues to be accorded to new issues on their original appearance and on the initial quotation of new scrip on the Stock Exchange. The latter phase of present investment conditions was illustrated by the new P.L.M. stock, which jumped to 5 premium on the first day of quotation. Those may account themselves lucky who were quick enough to secure some of the £1,500,000 7 per cent. first mortgage debentures issued by the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company—a sound and attractive offer. Rapid over-subscription was also the fate of the Kellner-Partington Paper Pulp 7½ per cent. debentures and Peter Robinson's 7 per cent. preference shares; while the Poole Corporation issue of £350,000 5½ per cent. stock is said to have been subscribed more than ten times over—a result most encouraging to other Corporations intending to enter the market. Of course the "staggering" of new issues is still very prevalent; but, after due allowance has been made for that, events in the new capital market show that there is an abundant supply of capital ready for investment in any sound and promising security.

L. J. R.



# THE ATHENÆUM



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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1922.

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## The World of Books.

WHEN, column after column, each morning's consignment of print on the bookstalls looks as homogeneous as a cargo of "standard deals"—which I think is the phrase used in the timber trade—there is a serious danger that its ten million readers may become, in time, as easily massed and stacked, wherever required, as the amenable whitewood which is all of the same machine-made dimensions. Luckily, now our newsprint each morning is so conformable to a half-awakened mind that a touch of originality in it would seem like a scandalous mistake, the important publishing houses still appear to think that adventure has life in it. They compete for manuscripts that have a doubtful commercial value but are good, and often issue works for which a journalist "who knows what the public wants" would be unable to discern a single reader. For the original images, the vivid tropes, the daring illuminations that will show us what the living present looks like, and what we appear to be doing in it, we shall have to depend now on books and pamphlets. And as the writers whose improvidence compels them to faithfulness to the right tradition in the use of English leave the daily Press to the use of the other sort of English exclusively, we may develop, in a few years, two languages.

\* \* \*

I THOUGHT last week, however, that Chatto & Windus were rather overdoing it. It is all very well to publish Rabelais in a cheap and nicely printed pocket edition, and to suppose the public may be educated into relishing a long sequence of Tchekov's short stories. But what did they mean by sending me the first three volumes of a new edition, at three-and-six a volume, of Bret Harte's works? Where was the contexture? I had but a dim recollection of Bret Harte; wondered why it was, in a past far on the distant side of a dark break in life, I used to admire him; thought it was very funny of Chatto & Windus to suppose there was any interest to-day in a spray of Western pine being placed on the grave of Dickens by a "forty-niner"; then pushed the volumes aside without looking at more than their names—"Flip," "Cressy," and "Snow-Bound at Eagles." Their author died twenty years ago. We should, perhaps, snigger to-day when reading "Tennessee's Partner" or "Little Jim," feeling we were under the influence of the ambiguous but penetrating eye of Lytton Strachey. It seemed a lapse for a publishing house, where certainly there is sound literary discrimination, to issue a new

edition of Bret Harte in the era when the censor is being swung ceremoniously, by those who know best what to do with it, before Mr. James Joyce.

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A LITTLE after the receipt of these volumes rain drove me into an expensive West End cinema theatre, where a Californian film was being shown. There is nothing to be said about that modern film story, with so much science, capital, and advertising behind it. Photographically it was remarkable work; yet no intelligent child would waste a roll of Brownie films on such subjects. The story very soon made the wet and dreary street outside seem bright and attractive. It was not only so silly that it would have been rejected as a serial even in one of our penny picture papers, but its slow dullness made the alternative wet weather look like sunshine. But it reminded me of Bret Harte—I remembered that, Victorian though he was, he never made the Wild West as dreary as a mud flat. That night I read him again. And I have to confess that Chatto & Windus were quite right. Though I have seen a number of Californian films, I have never seen one so vivid, so full of adventure and the excitement of rapid movement in dangerous places, and so surprising with dramatic situations, as the written word of "Snow-Bound at Eagles." More; if a new novel were to be published this week as humorous and shrewd, and as well-written, as "Cressy"—which has been unobtainable for many years—then our literary critics, made grey and pale by the abstract verbosity of the new psychology, would at once begin to read for pleasure instead of for a miserable living.

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It is true that Bret Harte has an occasional touch of that formal Victorian eloquence which now makes us feel uncomfortable and restless, because human dignity and pomp have become a trifle silly; we know each other too well now; we have been called down from that perch. There is much to be said, too, for a quite informal behavior while squatting on the ground. Yet we must remember that Bret Harte was writing when man still had a perfectly native air of superiority while contemplating folly and meanness. After all, we can forgive him that eloquence; he never knew any better. But the man could write, all the same. There is no doubt about that. He was a master at the short story; and we should be in difficulties at once if we had to indicate not only a writer now at work who had done anything better than "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but where to find the English magazine which would be glad to publish such stories. It is an unusual experience to-day to feel, when reading a book, that you ought not to miss a word of it. The careless entry of a hurried reader into the pages of "Cressy" is immediately shamed. The protective rudeness of a reader, caused by the insensitiveness of the typewriter and the linotype with their endless pour of abstractions, is at once embarrassed, and for a rarity one becomes absorbed in the quiet pleasure of watching an artist doing what he well knows how to do.

H. M. T.

## Reviews.

### CHESTERTON ON EUGENICS, AND SHAW ON CHESTERTON.

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**Eugenics, and Other Evils.** By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Cassell, 6s.)

A CRITICISM of Mr. Chesterton is in the nature of a bulletin as to the mental condition of a prophet. Mr. Chesterton has disciples. I do not blame him: I have some myself. So has Mr. Wells. All sorts of people have disciples, from osteopaths to tipsters. But most of them do not get into our way politically. Mr. Chesterton's do. Therefore it is important that his pulse should be felt, and his condition reported on; for if he were to go—well, may I say, for the sake of alliteration, off his chump?—the consequences might be serious. He has many magical arts and gifts at his command. He can make anything that can be made with a pen, from a conspectus of human history to a lethal jibe at the Lord Chancellor; and to utilize this practically boundless technical equipment he has enormous humor, imagination, intellect, and common sense.

Now in respect of the humor and imagination, his integrity can be depended on; but when you come to the intellect and common sense, you have to be careful, because his intellect is fantastic and his common sense impatient. That is because his humor and imagination will creep in. It is such fun to take some impossibly obsolete person—say a Crusader—and shew that he was right in his ideas, and that the sooner we get back to them the better for us, that no humorist ingenious enough to do it can resist it unless he has the dogged cerebral honesty of an Einstein. And here again it is so funny to *épater les savants* by arguing that Einstein, being a Jew, invented Relativity to popularize his longnosed relatives, and that Ptolemy, who thought the earth flat, was on solid ground, that the cumulative temptation sometimes strains even Chesterton's colossal shoulders. To give way is such an amiable weakness too! When he does it I am always amused; and I am never taken in: at least if I am I do not know it, otherwise, of course, I should not be taken in. But other people may be. Besides, Mr. Chesterton may take himself in. He may stray up an intellectual blind alley to amuse himself; for it is the greatest mistake to suppose that there is nothing interesting or useful to be picked up in blind alleys before you run your head into the *cul de sac*. A man like Mr. Chesterton finds more diamonds in such an alley than an ordinary man walks over pebbles in the clearest logical fairway. By stopping to pick the diamonds up, like Atalanta, he may not get far enough to discover that the alley is blind. Even if he does, he may find a way out by pretending that he has found one, as the mathematician overcomes an intellectually insuperable difficulty by pretending that there is such a quantity as minus  $x$ . Searchlights in blind alleys have illuminated the whole heavens at times; and men have found courage and insight within their limits after finding nothing but terror and bewilderment in the open desert.

Thus Mr. Chesterton, who once lived near the Home For Lost Dogs in Battersea, has a whimsical tendency to set up Homes For Lost Causes, in competition with Oxford University, in his half-explored blind alleys. Like the Home in Battersea, they are not popular with the lost ones; for the final hospitality offered is that of the lethal chamber. The Lost Causes like their last ditches well camouflaged. Mr. Chesterton scorns concealment: he stands on the parapet, effulgent by his own light, roaring defiance at a foe who would only too willingly look the other way and pretend not to notice. Even the Lost Causes which are still mighty prefer their own methods of fighting. The Vatican never seems so shaky as when G.K.C. hoists it on his shoulders like Atlas, and proceeds to play football with the skulls of the sceptics. Pussfoot's chances of drying the British Isles seldom seem so rosy as they do the morning after Mr. Chesterton has cracked the brainpans of a thousand teetotallers with raps from Gargantuan flagons waved by him in an ecstasy in which he seems to have ten pairs of hands, like an Indian god.

Nature compensates the danger of his defence by the benefit of his assault. He went to Jerusalem to destroy

Zionism; and immediately the spirit of Nehemiah entered into him, and there arose from his pages such a wonderful vision of Jerusalem that our hearts bled for the captivity, and all the rival claimants, past and present, silly Crusader and squalid Bedouin in one red burial blent, perished from our imaginations, and left the chosen people of God to inherit the holy city. He attacks divorce with an idealization of marriage so superhuman (without extraordinary luck) that all his readers who have not yet committed themselves swear that nothing will induce them to put their heads into the noose of that golden cord. He stated the case for giving votes to women so simply and splendidly that when he proceeded to give his verdict against the evidence it passed as a misprint. Really a wonderful man, this Chesterton; but with something of Balaam in him, and something of that other who went whither he would not.

His latest book is called "Eugenics, and Other Evils." It is a graver, harder book than its forerunners. Something—perhaps the youthful sense of immortality, commonly called exuberance—has lifted a little and left him scanning the grey horizon with more sense that the wind is biting and the event doubtful; but there is plenty of compensating gain; for this book is practically all to the good. The title suggests the old intellectual carelessness: it seems mere nonsense: he might as well write *Obstetrics and Other Evils*, or *Dietetics or Esthetics or Peripatetics or Optics or Mathematics and Other Evils*. But when you read you find that he knows what he is about. The use of the word *Eugenics* implies that the breeding of the human race is an art founded on an ascertained science. Now when men claim scientific authority for their ignorance, and police support for their aggressive presumption, it is time for Mr. Chesterton and all other men of sense to withstand them sturdily. Mr. Chesterton takes the word as a convenient symbol for current attempts at legislative bodysnatching—live-bodysnatching—to provide subjects for professors and faddists to experiment on when pursuing all sorts of questionable, ridiculous, and even vicious theories of how to produce perfect babies and rear them into perfect adults. At the very first blow he enlists me on his side by coming to my own position and reaffirming it trenchantly. "Sexual selection, or what Christians call falling in love," he says, "is a part of man which in the large and in the long run can be trusted." Why after reproducing my conclusion so exactly he should almost immediately allege that "Plato was only a Bernard Shaw who unfortunately made his jokes in Greek," I cannot guess; for it is impossible to understand what the word "only" means in this sentence. But the conclusion is none the less sound. He does not follow it up as I do by shewing that its political corollary is the ruthless equalization of all incomes in order that this supremely important part of man shall no longer be baffled by the pecuniary discrepancies which forbid the duchess to marry the coalheaver, and divorce King Cophetua from the beggar maid even before they are married. But that will come in a later book.

Mr. Chesterton is implacable in his hostility to the Act for dealing with the feeble-minded. How dangerous these loose makeshift categories are when they get into the statute book he brings out thus: "Even if I were an Eugenist, then I should not personally elect to waste my time locking up the feeble-minded. The people I should lock up would be the strong-minded. I have known hardly any cases of mere mental weakness making the family a failure: I have known eight or nine cases of violent and exaggerated force of character making the family a hell."

This is a capital example of Mr. Chesterton's knock-out punch, which is much more deadly than Carpentier's. It is so frightfully true, and illuminates so clearly the whole area of unbearable possibilities opened up by this type of legislation, that it makes the reader an Anarchist for the moment. But it does not dispose of the fact that the country has on its hands a large number of people, including most authors, who are incapable of fending for themselves in a competitive capitalistic world. Many of them do quite well in the army; but when they are demobilized they are in the dock in no time. As domestic servants they are often treasures to kindly employers. Provide for them; organize for them; tell them what they must do to pay their way, and they are useful citizens, and happy ones if



the tutelage is nicely done, as between gentlemen. But freedom and responsibility mean misery and ruin for them. What is to be done with them? Mr. Chesterton says "Send them home." But that solution is already adopted in most of the cases in which it is possible. How about those who have no home? the old birds whose nest was scattered long ago? You cannot get rid of a difficulty by shewing that the accepted method of dealing with it is wrong. Mr. Chesterton's demonstration of its danger actually increases the difficulty; for it is quite true that many of the most hopeless cases are cases not of Defectives but of Excessives. If the Prime Minister were to say to Mr. Chesterton to-morrow, "You are quite right, God forgive us: the Act is a silly one: will you draft us another to deal with these people properly?" Mr. Chesterton could not fall back on the eighteenth century and cry *Laissez faire*. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot set that lazy evasion up again. If Mr. Chesterton were not equal to the occasion, Mr. Sidney Webb and his wife would have to be called in; for the facts will not budge; and it is cruel to abandon the helpless to a mockery of freedom that will slay them.

Mr. Chesterton joins the campaign against the quackeries of preventive medicine with zest. "Prevention is not better than cure. Cutting off a man's head is not better than curing his headache: it is not even better than failing to cure it." He shews that the dread of religious superstition is itself a superstition, possible only to a Press that is a century out of date because its journalists are so hurried and huddled up in their stuffy offices that they have no time to observe or study anything, and can supply copy to the machines only by paying out any sort of old junk that has been current for a century past. He says with a sledge-hammer directness that reminds me of Handel: "The thing that is really trying to tyrannize through Government is Science. The thing that really does use the secular arm is Science. And the creed that really is levying tithes and capturing schools, the creed that really is enforced by fine and imprisonment, the creed that really is proclaimed not in sermons but in statutes, and spread not by pilgrims but by policemen—that creed is the great but disputed system of thought which began with Evolution and has ended in Eugenics. Materialism is really our established Church; for the Government will really help to persecute its heretics. Vaccination, in its hundred years of experiment, has been disputed almost as much as baptism in its approximate two thousand. But it seems quite natural to our politicians to enforce vaccination; and it would seem to them madness to enforce baptism."

This, except for the slip by which the essentially religious doctrine of Evolution is confused with the essentially devilish doctrine of Natural Selection, is undeniable, whether you believe in vaccination or not; and it is well that we should be made sharply aware of it, and also of the fact that as much hypocrisy, venality, cruelty, mendacity, bigotry and folly are using Science (a very sacred thing) as a cloak for their greed and ambition as ever made the same use of Religion. Indeed this is an understatement as far as the mendacity is concerned; for what priest ever lied about the efficacy of baptism as doctors have lied, and are still lying, about such shallow and disastrous blunders as Lister's antiseptic surgery, or have laid hands on children and gouged out the insides of their noses and throats in the spirit of the Spanish grandee who admired the works of God, but thought that if he had been consulted a considerable improvement might have been effected?

But we must not let our indignation run away with us. Let us contemplate a typical actual case. Scene: a school clinic. Present: a doctor, a snuffling child, and its mother. A dramatic situation has just been created by the verdict of the doctor: "This kid has adenoids." The mother is not in the least in a Chestertonian attitude. Far from objecting to State surgery, she holds that her child has a right to it in virtue of the doctor being paid to be there; and she is determined to insist on that right in spite of what she considers the natural disposition of all men, including doctors, to shirk their duties to the poor if they can. Far from crying, "Hands off my darling: who but his mother should succor him and know what is good for him?" she demands, "Ain't nothing to be done for him,

poor child?" The doctor says, "Yes: the adenoids had better be cut out."

Now this may not be the proper remedy. It is on the face of it a violent, desperate, dangerous, and injurious remedy, characteristic of the African stage of civilization in which British surgery and therapy still languish. A better remedy may be one of the formulas of Christian Science, or the prayer and anointing of St. James and the Peculiar People, or that the child should say every morning between sleeping and waking, "My nose is getting clearer and clearer," twenty-five times over. A million to one the real remedy is half a dozen serviceable handkerchiefs, a little instruction in how to use the nose in speaking and singing, with, above all, better food, lodging, and clothing. The mother does not "hold with" the mystical remedies. Of the two which are not mystical, the last mentioned means spending more money on the child; and she has none to spend, as the doctor very well knows: else, perhaps, he would honestly press it on her. Thus there is nothing for it but the knife. The hospital will cost the mother nothing; and it will be rather a treat for the child. She does not consider the hospital a disgrace like the workhouse: on the contrary, all her human instincts and social traditions make her feel that she is entitled to help in case of sickness, for which her very scanty household money does not provide. Accordingly, the interior of the unfortunate infant's nose is gouged out; and possibly his tonsils are extirpated at the same time, lest he should be overburdened with tissues which surgeons consider superfluous because they have not yet discovered what they are there for.

Now observe that here the mother does not protest: she insists. The doctor operates because there is no money to pay for sane natural treatment. The alternatives are to do nothing, or to throw the mother back on some quack who would promise to cure the child for a few shillings. All the responsible parties, the mother, the doctor, the schoolmaster, and presumably Mr. Chesterton, are against doing nothing. What, then, is Mr. Chesterton protesting against? He is protesting against adapting the treatment of the child to the low wages of its parents instead of adapting the wages of the parents to the proper treatment for the child. And he is quite right. From the point of view of the welfare of the community the decision of the doctor can be compared only to that of Grock, the French clown, who, when he finds that the piano stool is not close enough to the piano, moves the piano to the stool instead of the stool to the piano. We have managed to bedevil our social arrangements so absurdly that it is actually easier for our Parliamentary Grocks to move the piano to the stool. But nobody laughs at them. Only exceptionally deep men like Mr. Chesterton even swear at them.

Mr. Chesterton is, however, too able a man to suppose that swearing at the Government is any use. All Governments are open to Shakespear's description of them as playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep, just as all men who undertake the direction of other men are open to William Morris's objection that no man is good enough to be another man's master. But when a job has to be done, it is no use saying that no man is good enough to do it. Somebody must try, and do the best he can. If war were declared against us we could not surrender at discretion merely because the best general we could lay hands on might as likely as not be rather a doubtful bargain as a sergeant. Or let us take a problem which arises every day. We are confronted with the children of three mothers: the first a model of maternal wisdom and kindness, the second helpless by herself but quite effective if she is told what to do occasionally, and the third an impossible creature who will bring up her sons to be thieves and her daughters to be prostitutes. How are we to deal with them? It is no use to pretend that the first sort of mother is the only sort of mother, and abandon the children of the others to their fate: the only sane thing to do is to take the third woman's children from her and pay the other two to bring them up, giving the second one the counsel and direction she needs for the purpose. Of course you can put the children into an institution; only, if you do, you had better be aware that the most perfectly equipped institution of the kind in the world (it is in Berlin) acts as a lethal chamber, whilst in the mud-floored cabins of Connaught bare-legged children with

a single garment, and not too much of that, are immortal. You have to do something; and since the job is too big for private charity (which is abominable, tyrannical and humiliating: in fact everything that raises Mr. Chesterton's gorge in public maternity centres and school clinics and the like is a tradition from the evil days of private charity) it must be organized publicly; and its organizers must be taught manners by Mr. Chesterton and the few others who know that insolence to the poor, though compulsory in our public services, acts like sand in an engine bearing.

But it remains true that as most people do not become "problems" until they become either poor or rich, most of the bad mothers and fathers and sons and daughters could be made passably good by simply giving them as much money as their neighbors, and no more. I am not so much concerned about their freedom as Mr. Chesterton; for it is plain to me that our civilization is being destroyed by the monstrously excessive freedom we allow to individuals. They may idle; they may waste; when they have to work they may make fortunes as sweaters by the degradation, starvation, demoralization, criminalization and tuberculization of their fellow citizens, or as financial rogues and vagabonds by swindling widows out of their portions, orphans out of their inheritances, and unsuspecting honest men out of their savings. They may play the silliest tricks with the community's wealth even after their deaths by ridiculous wills. They may contaminate one another with hideous diseases; they may kill us with poisons advertised as elixirs; they may corrupt children by teaching them blood-thirsty idolatries; they may goad nations to war by false witness; they may do a hundred things a thousand times worse than the prisoners in our gaols have done; and yet Mr. Chesterton blames me because I do not want more liberty for them. I am by nature as unruly a man as ever lived; but if Mr. Chesterton could guess only half the inhibitions I would add to the statute book, and enforce by ruthless extermination of all recalcitrants, he would plunge a carving knife into my ribs, and rush through the streets waving its dripping blade and shouting *Sic semper tyrannis*. I see in the papers that a lady in America has been told that if she does not stop smoking cigarettes her child will be taken from her. This must make Mr. Chesterton's blood boil; for he tells us with horror that when he was in America, people were admitting that tobacco needs defending. "In other words," he adds, "they were quietly going mad." But the truth, I rejoice to say, seems to be that they have given up the defence. What right has a woman to smoke when she is mothering? She would not be allowed to smoke if she were conducting a bus or selling apples or handkerchiefs. A man should be able to turn away in disgust from a railway smoking carriage without being reminded of his mother.

But unless I tear myself away from this book I shall never stop. If, as Mr. Chesterton seems to insist, I am to regard it as another round in the exhibition spar with Mr. Sidney Webb which he continues through all his books, I must give the verdict to Mr. Webb, because the positive man always beats the negative man when things will not stay put. As long as Mr. Webb produces solutions and Mr. Chesterton provides only criticisms of the solutions, Mr. Webb will win hands down, because Nature abhors a vacuum. Mr. Chesterton never seems to ask himself what are the alternatives of Mr. Webb's remedies. He is content with a declaration that the destruction of the poor is their poverty, and that if you would only give each of them the security and independence conferred by a small property on its owner (when he is capable of administering it) your problems would vanish or be privately settled. Nobody is likely to deny this: least of all Mr. Sidney Webb. But Mr. Chesterton's Distributive State, which is to bring about this result by simply making us all dukes on a small scale, would not produce that result even if its method were practicable. To many men—possibly to the majority of men, property is ruinous: what they need and desire is honorable service. They need also a homestead; and though for some of them the ideal homestead is a flat in Piccadilly, others want a house in the country, with a garden and a bit of pleasure ground. That is what Mr. Chesterton enjoys; but if you were to offer him these things as industrial property, and ask him to turn his garden into a dirty little allotment

and make money out of it, he would promptly sell himself as a slave to anyone who would employ him honorably in writing. So would I; so would Mr. Belloc; so would Mr. Webb. In short, this distribution of property of which Mr. Chesterton tries to dream, but to which he has never been able to give his mind seriously for a moment, so loathsome is it, would be an abominable slavery for the flower of the human race. Every Man his Own Capitalist is the least inspiring political cry I know; and when Mr. Chesterton raises it my consolation is that it cannot be realized. I urge Mr. Chesterton to go on thundering against the tyranny of Socialistic regulation without Socialistic distribution (the Servile State) to his heart's content; but I warn him that if he persists in threatening us with the double curse of peasantry and property as an alternative, he will give the most fantastic extremes of doctrinaire Eugenics an air of millennial freedom and happiness by mere force of contrast.

G. B. S.

#### THE DISINTEGRATION OF SHAKESPEARE.—I.

**Croce as Shakespearian Critic.** By J. M. ROBERTSON. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

**The Shakespeare Canon.** By J. M. ROBERTSON. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

**Measure for Measure.** Edited by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. (Cambridge University Press. 7s.)

IT was time that an English critic found the heart to reply to Signor Croce's essay on Shakespeare. That essay—in spite of the translation which, among similar gifts, presented us with a Hyacinth instead of Iachimo, and a Carminia instead of Charmian—was, even in English, a remarkable achievement. Not to have recognized it for such would have been ungracious. But there was really no need to swallow it whole, or to plunge into ecstasies over its immaculate perfection. Yet that is what happened. Never has a book on Shakespeare had such a press. Not a discordant note was sounded. At last, this was the real thing: Shakespeare criticism *in excelsis*.

Croce's "Shakespeare" is a fine essay; written by a foreigner, it was more: it was a work of critical genius. But it contained some curious things, which suggested more enthusiasm for Croce than knowledge of Shakespeare in the critics who praised it without reserves. The names of Shakespeare's characters had undergone some very striking metamorphoses; queer things had happened to the quotations; on many pages the punctuation made pure nonsense. Though these things could be safely ascribed to the translator, they ought to have been remarked. But the translator was certainly not to blame for the summary manner in which were brushed aside all doubts as to the authenticity of "Titus Andronicus"—"which many critics," said Signor Croce, "would like to say was not by Shakespeare, but dare not, because the proofs of authenticity are very strong." And there was no doubt that it was Signor Croce himself who went on to say that "the splendid eloquence with which he adorned the tale is Shakespearian."

The fact is that there are a great many critics who do dare to say that "Titus Andronicus" is not by Shakespeare. Even Sir Sidney Lee cannot admit that Shakespeare did more than add a few lines. And among those who still claim a place for that crudity in the Shakespearian canon—and it is they who have need of courage—there is not one, we believe, who would claim that its "eloquence" is "splendid," still less that it is "Shakespearian." The case for the defence, indeed, definitely rests on the assumption that in his nonage Shakespeare wrote stuff that was quite un-Shakespearian, and that for some years he was an unintelligent imitator of his friend Marlowe, or Marlowe's room-mate, Kyd. That "Titus Andronicus" is rhetorical no one would deny; that it is eloquent scarcely anybody would assert; that its eloquence is "splendid" and "Shakespearian" has been left for Signor Croce to maintain.

The conclusion is that Signor Croce is unable to recognize the specific quality of Shakespeare's poetry. That which to most of us is the greatest glory of Shakespeare and of the English language passes by him unremarked. It

is unreasonable to demand that a foreigner should recognize it; but it is equally unreasonable to ask us to believe that a critic who cannot recognize it has written a final, or even an adequate, essay on Shakespeare. Shakespeare was first and foremost a poet: not to appreciate his poetic individuality is not to appreciate him. Mr. J. M. Robertson, to whom we already owe many careful and stimulating inquiries into the Shakespearian canon, has been the first to make this necessary criticism of Croce's "Shakespeare" publicly. He has done more; he has brought to light the vicious argumentation which underlies Croce's peremptory dismissal of the work of the textual investigators of Shakespeare, of whom Mr. Robertson himself is among the most enlightened. Signor Croce, too accustomed to the high empyrean of Hegelianism, brushes aside both those who seek to describe the life of Shakespeare the man, and those who seek to define the individuality of Shakespeare the poet. Yet the simple question arises—How are we to pass a critical judgment upon Shakespeare's work unless we know what he wrote? It is stupid to say: "The Folio is good enough for me, thank you!" For our judgment of a Shakespeare who wrote, as Signor Croce's Shakespeare wrote, "Titus Andronicus," "Timon of Athens," and "Henry VIII.," must be essentially different from our judgment of a Shakespeare who wrote none of these things. Signor Croce's Shakespeare is a poetic monster, and his monstrous nature is not changed either by turning a blind eye to his incompatible parts, or insisting, in the teeth of common sense, that they are characteristic beauties.

It is precisely in this province of disentangling the authentic work of Shakespeare from the undigested work of his collaborators and predecessors that the most valuable advances in Shakespearian criticism are being made to-day. To-day it is accepted as a commonplace that Shakespeare more often than not was working over an inferior original. Sometimes he did his work well and thoroughly; sometimes perfunctorily: at other times Shakespeare's own original was handed over to somebody else to make it more theatrical, or to afford room for some new member of the company—perhaps a popular clown, who doubled the gate-money. It is said these are only hypotheses, incapable of proof. But most truths are hypothetical. They are invented to explain facts. If they explain the facts with the maximum of economy, they are called truths. The people of "The-Folio-is-good-enough-for-me" school may, like Signor Croce, deny that the facts exist; but at the present point of time they will merely awaken the suspicion that they either do not read their Shakespeare, or read him unintelligently.

This does not mean that we must surrender at discretion to every hypothesis which the textual investigators propound. On the contrary, it is our duty to be ultra-conservative, and to reject as many of them as we reasonably can. We have to remember that the evidence is that Shakespeare would be reckoned nowadays a careless workman; that he was a practical man supplying as well as he could a popular demand; and that there is good reason to suppose that at one period of his full poetic maturity he suffered pain of soul so extreme that the odds are heavy against his having produced a perfect work of art during his distraction. The only clues we can definitely accept are those of sentiment and style. Very early in his career Shakespeare had evolved a poetic individuality of his own. "Love's Labor's Lost" and the "Comedy of Errors," though youthful in construction, are perfectly individual in manner and in sentiment; and with such plays in mind it is almost impossible for us to believe that Shakespeare for any period was himself writing in the style of Marlowe. Where we find the style of Marlowe—or of Kyd—it is safer to believe that Marlowe (or Kyd) actually wrote the scenes.

Such is the principle with which good modern textual critics of Shakespeare, like the editors of the new Cambridge text or Mr. Robertson, do their work. But the principle, though sound, is delicate and difficult of application. The individuality of a great poet's style is not amenable to precise measurement: instinct and intuition, developed by a long and discriminating study of Shakespeare's work, are the only guides. The problem of each play, of each scene of each play almost, has to be considered on its own merits. It is here, we think, that Mr. Robertson fails. His

thesis in "The Shakespeare Canon" is that in "Richard III.," in "Henry V.," and in "Julius Cæsar" there is comparatively little of Shakespeare's original work. That thesis will, of course, be very shocking to the traditionalists. "My kingdom for a horse" not Shakespeare! "Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood," not Shakespeare! "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" not Shakespeare! For our part, though we disagree with Mr. Robertson over the last, we are with him over the other two. But in all three discussions alike we think he presses his case too hard; he undermines so diligently that he is in danger of being hoist with his own petard. That is the risk of a pioneer.

The least revolutionary of Mr. Robertson's propositions is that which concerns "Richard III." If there is very little Shakespeare in the three "Henry VI."s (and that is now generally admitted), it is hard to find very much in "Richard III." It is as different in style and sentiment from "Richard II." as chalk from cheese, as inferior chalk from excellent cheese. Yet if we accept "Richard III." as Shakespeare's we have to believe that he wrote the two plays one after the other. To the critic of poetry the proposition is impossible. But what of Clarence's dream?—

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

It is one of the traditional "beauties of Shakespeare." We share Mr. Robertson's belief that Shakespeare did not write a line of it. With him, we believe that it was Marlowe's. But our belief, unlike Mr. Robertson's, was not rationalized. The grounds we could adduce, beyond the rhythm of the verse and the shape of the lines, were few; but since it happens that Mr. Robertson does not bring forward our own two ewe-lambs, we will produce them. "A thousand fearful wrecks" has always reminded us of "Was this the face that burnt a thousand ships"; and lower down in the same speech is a line which, we have always been convinced, only Marlowe could have written:—

"With that grim ferryman which poets write of."

It is not of Shakespeare's mentality to think of poets in this fashion; he is never the *vates sacer* to himself in this naïve and beautiful way. Marlowe was constantly:—

"If all the pens that poets ever held . . .  
the crown  
Within whose circuit lies Elysium  
And all that poets feign of bliss or joy . . ."

Those evidences were enough for us. Mr. Robertson's put the matter beyond all doubt. A single line from "Tamburlaine"—

"Inestimable drugs and precious stones"—

practically settles it. But there are half-a-dozen other parallels, no less cogent. If Clarence's dream—which is the finest poetry in "Richard III."—is not Shakespeare's, then very little else in the play belongs to him. We can trace his hand here and there, and that is all.

Beyond his general conclusion that "Richard III." is substantially a Marlowe play we are unable to follow Mr. Robertson. When he endeavors to separate the threads contributed by different hands—Kyd's and Heywood's—to Marlowe's carpet he passes beyond our competence, and, to our sense, his verbal clues are too slight to be dependable. In general, Mr. Robertson relies too much on isolated coincidence of phrasing, and above all on the statistical test of double endings. For instance, he cannot believe that Mark Antony's speech is Shakespeare, because it is so heavily end-stopped. But it is unreasonable to apply the metrical test in this mechanical way, without regard to the particular conditions. There is a positive dramatic reason why Antony's speech should be end-stopped. The single line—

"I am no orator as Brutus is"—

contains the rhythmic motive of the speech. Never was the eloquence of a man who pretended to be the blunt soldier more perfectly rendered. But if it is not Shakespeare's, whose is it? Shakespeare was to do far more wonderful things with Antony when he became really interested in him, but which of Shakespeare's contemporaries at any time possessed the dramatic subtlety and the poetic power to

write that speech? Mr. Robertson suggests Marlowe, but he knows, better than we do, that there is nothing remotely akin to it in all Marlowe's work. That is, of course, no rebuttal of Mr. Robertson's interesting argument that "Julius Cæsar" is an abridgment—made by another hand than Shakespeare's—of two or three plays on the Cæsar theme, whether originally by Shakespeare or not. We ourselves do not believe there is much Shakespeare in the last act; but we feel that Mr. Robertson has not sufficiently considered the probable effect upon Shakespeare's work of his suddenly taking up material of a different kind from that which he had been used to work on. "Julius Cæsar" was Shakespeare's first attempt to make drama and poetry out of North's "Plutarch." Before, he had always an old play to work on. The difference was prodigious, and the new difficulty was alone sufficient to account for most of the weaknesses in the first four acts of the play. We ask Mr. Robertson to read North's "Cæsar" again and consider how he would himself have tried to dramatize it. And there is a special reason for believing that North's "Cæsar" is not very fresh in Mr. Robertson's memory. He picks out the lines—

"That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon"—

as containing an un-Shakespearian use of "yearn." It is true that "yearn" is not a particularly Shakespearian word; but it happens that the phrase occurs in North's "Cæsar"—"make their hearts yearn." There was really no need to invoke Marlowe.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL.

**Wanderers.** By KNUT HAMSUN. Translated from the Norwegian by W. WORSTER, M.A. (Gyldendal. 8s. 6d.)

**The Miracles of Clara van Haag.** By JOHANNES BUCHHOLTZ. Translated from the Danish by W. WORSTER, M.A. (Gyldendal. 8s. 6d.)

**Ditte: Daughter of Man.** By MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXO. Translated from the Danish by A. G. CHATER and RICHARD THIRSK. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

To generalize is dangerous, but it seems to me that the Russian genius has found a more complete expression in fiction than the genius of any other race. There must be in this people a simple and passionate sincerity, for that quality is apparent even in their secondary writers. We feel that they are not writing for a public, but for themselves; that they have no thought for anything but the presentation in utter faithfulness of their individual vision of life. And it is impossible not to take their work seriously. We may like it, or we may not like it, but its sincerity impresses itself upon us, we cannot escape from it except by closing the book. They present the surface of life with an illusion of reality equal to anything Mr. Arnold Bennett has achieved, but they go beyond, or beneath, this surface, for to them life is always a spiritual experience, is always the life of the soul. And since this is the rule, not the exception, one is inclined to seek its cause in some peculiarity of the Russian spirit itself, in which civilization has not yet dimmed the flame of primitive emotion. Intent upon his vision, the writer writes as if nobody had ever written before; he is like Adam in a new world; he finds out each thought, each sensation, each passion for himself; and gifted with an unspoiled simplicity, he mentions things we do not mention, things we are afraid to mention, since all our audacities are limited to an analysis of the sexual instinct, about which everybody knows as much as everybody else. But the Russian, at once more childish and more serious than we are, has no fear of seeming ridiculous; he does not strike us as weighing his material in the scale of probabilities; he is not writing for us, he is following the light in his own soul. Hence the electrifying effect of certain incidents in his novels; hence the intimate character of his work, which has much of the intimacy of the confidences of a child. And his stories seem to be made out of the whole of life in a way

our stories seldom are. There is absolutely no difference between Gorky's autobiography and his most characteristic tales; Serge Aksakoff's autobiography might, with a few superficial changes, pass as a great novel; and in these novels of Knut Hamsun's, "Autumn" and "With Muted Strings," united by their translator under the single title "Wanderers," it is quite possible that we actually have a chapter of autobiography, for Knut Pedersen is the name of the hero, and Knut Pedersen, as the publishers tell us, is Hamsun's real name.

But Hamsun is not a Russian, and the authors of the other two novels mentioned at the head of this article are Danes; nor am I trying to contend that any of the three is a great novelist. It is only that their work has far more affinity with Russian fiction than with our own or with that of the Latin races. The art of Hamsun, of Buchholtz, of Nexø, is realistic, but it is the impetuous, nervous, at times feverish realism of Gorky, or Sologub, or Schedrin, not the grave, pondered realism of Flaubert, still less the realism of our own contemporary novelists. In these stories the most fantastic things may happen, and they are bewildering and at the same time convincing as if we watched them happening with our own eyes. It never occurs to us to say: "How cleverly this is observed! How like real life it is!" It never occurs to us that these authors are in the least clever, or that they are observing anything. We somehow even forget that we are reading a novel at all. Their simplicity lulls us to an unquestioning, becharmed mood, and when the hero of "Wanderers" picks up the thumb-nail of a corpse in a graveyard, and makes it into a lid for his pipe, and is haunted by a dead woman, we believe it.

No doubt the form of Hamsun's novel may have something to do with our credulity. It will be said, of course, that it has no form, and it is perhaps better to admit at the outset that it has not a form which could be expressed by a diagram, as Henry James illustrated the plan of "The Awkward Age." It is autobiographical. Hamsun seems to recognize that a man's life is really not only one story, but several stories; is like a tapestry woven in the dark, in which the threads are sometimes broken, and a new pattern spreads over and half obliterates the old ones. And so the story he dramatizes in "Wanderers" is not his own story, but a story which he influenced for a moment, and of which from time to time he obtained a glimpse. The tragedy of Fru Falkenberg could no doubt have been detached from its present setting and compressed into the mould of the conventionally well-made tale; but its setting, somehow, is just what gives it its reality. And after all, is it not rather a relief to get a novel in which we can meet somebody in the first chapter without knowing that we are bound to meet him again in the last, in which a woman can fall in love with her daughter's lover, or be briefly unfaithful to her husband, without complications ensuing? One grows a little tired of that well-made book, with every event in its proper place, with all the machinery competently clicking, and all the little well-oiled wheels elaborately connected with all the others, so that nobody dare give a penny to a beggar unless the beggar, out of gratitude, is to save somebody's life later on. I am not saying that "Wanderers" is a masterpiece: it is imperfect enough; the second part was, I suspect, an afterthought, and rather spoils than helps the effect of the first: but at least here is a novel from which all machinery has been banished, in which we are unconscious of any "arrangement," in which not an incident is falsified or strained.

And we must remember that it is the kind of book that suffers particularly in translation, because the lyrical element in it predominates over every other. These wanderings through summer and winter woods, among strange, simple people living in old, isolated houses, may, in the original, be as beautiful and poetic as some of Mr. Hudson's not quite dissimilar excursions. A translator plays havoc with such things. What he can give us is only the bare intellectual bones, the knowledge, the experience, the dramatic imagination, with all the rest reflected palely, as in the milky glass of an ancient mirror.

The effect of these three novels is the effect of a direct contact with life. One cannot examine them in detail, but two of them, "Ditte" and "Clara van Haag," are sequels,

the earlier books being "Ditte: Girl Alive" and "Egholm and his God." "Ditte: Girl Alive," it will be remembered, was a story of childhood, and much of it was occupied with the older generation. This second volume clings more closely to Ditte herself, to her life as a servant, first on a farm, and then in domestic service in Copenhagen. They are strange and disquieting books, these novels of Nexø, and Hamsun, and Buchholtz—suggestive, stimulating—and happiness and unhappiness succeed each other at the turning of a page. The people in them are intensely alive, and everybody acts on impulse. Even when they stop to think, it is the first impulse that is followed, and nobody is very much surprised at the actions of anybody else. When Ditte, just on the verge of womanhood, gives herself to the boy at the Hill Farm, it is not because she loves him, not because he has even troubled her senses, but because he is unhappy and is afraid of his mother, and she wishes to comfort him. Then, when it becomes impossible to conceal what has taken place, she leaves him. And in all this, and in a remarkable passage in which she ponders on her naked body, there is the Russian innocence; it is seen through eyes cloudless as at the dawn of the world.

FORREST REID.

## A FARRAGO OF PHRASES.

**A Dictionary of English Phrases.** By ALBERT M. HYAMSON. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

MR. HYAMSON has produced a fascinating collection of phrases of all kinds in which everybody can find something new and interesting. His industry is remarkable, and there is much not to be readily found elsewhere. The book, however, must be used with caution. It is weak in some respects, and hardly, we think, as the publishers' notice on the paper cover indicates, "checked by comparison with all preceding works of reference that have value." We notice many references to early usage in English. Readers may discover, for instance, that Burke was the author of "The Great Unwashed" and Herbert Spencer of "The survival of the fittest." A great many of the paraphrases—for instance, Algarotti as the "Swan of Padua"—are not current, and are distinctly dull. The "Garden of Helvetia" is nothing to us, any more than the "Founder of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine." If Isaac d'Israeli called Richardson the "Shakespeare of Prose Fiction," the title is not worth recording. Johnson as the "Great Cham of Literature" is happier, but Mr. Hyamson has not got him as "Ursa Major," a nickname in which Gray and Boswell's father coincided. Some cross-references are given, but by adding more the compiler would have discovered inconsistencies. Tyburn, for instance, is described both as "in" and "near" London. "Rara avis" has a reference to Juvenal which has gone wrong under "Swan, a black." The classical translations and details in general do not inspire confidence. We know of no temple of Athene at Athens called the "Athenaion." "In medias res" is not to be translated "in the middle things." Arcadia was renowned for song as well as pastoral stupidity. "Argumentum ad baculum" is wrong; it should be *ad baculum* or *baculum*. The latter form is in the "Spectator," No. 239. We do not understand the explanation of "a Sir Roger de Coverley":—

"a typical English country gentleman. After the *nom-de-plume* of the principal writer or writers in Addison and Steele's 'Spectator' (1711-12)."

Sir Roger's adventures are described in the "Spectator" in the third person by a friend, and Addison's signature in his papers is one of the letters in C. L. I. O. The sixteen words spent on "a Cato" do not convey his main forte, that of rigid critic and censor of morals. So Lamb, "Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," writes: "My virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire." "Esculapian" has the comment "After Esculapios, a physician, mentioned by Homer," but he is the same as "Æsculapius, the Greek god of medicine" (p. 7). Æschylus was not "the founder of the Greek drama." His "Agamemnon," 36, might supply a

reference for the "ox on the tongue." In Mrs. Leo Hunter the second word is the Latin for "lion." In attributing "airy nothings" as a phrase to Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale forgot "Midsummer Night's Dream," v. 1. As "Primrose path (way)" is given, "Hamlet," i., 3, should be added to the "Macbeth" reference. Troilus is not "a faithful lover" in Homer or any of the well-known classics, but simply a son of Priam killed by Achilles. "Sanctus sanctorum" is wrong; see the Vulgate, Ezekiel, xli., 4. "Façon de parler" surely carries an implication not represented in the version "customary mode of speech." The point of "Pickwickian" is that the strong language occurs in a debate. If more entries are wanted, we suggest Boz, datum line, the Ear of Dionysius, Helot, Lamarckian, Shakespeare and the musical glasses ("Vicar of Wakefield," chap. 9), the Riot Act ("Guy Mannering," chap. 48), and *Mutato nomine de te* ("Vanity Fair," chap. 60, "Pendennis," chap. 72). The inclusion of more obscure allusions is questionable, but we should prefer to many of the out-of-date paraphrases explanations of learned references in first-rate novelists. Thus "The Return of the Native," chap. 10, speaks of "the mortification of Candaules' wife." The same book, chap. 3, has a timely allusion to a "spontaneous Promethean rebelliousness" against the cold season. Here "Promethean" is "fire-bringing." Mr. Hyamson gives the more usual sense of "inspiring." Shakespeare has both.

## Books in Brief.

**The Truth about Burns.** By D. McNAUGHT. (Glasgow: MacLehose & Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is with disfavor that Dr. McNaught surveys the early biographers of Burns. Heron, for instance, was acquainted, not very deeply, with the poet, but suffered from vanity and lack of principle; Currie knew nothing of his subject from acquaintance, omitted to obtain the views of several intimates of the poet, and was misled by some of the friends to whom he did apply. Irvine merely stole from Currie. Josiah Walker's "piebald dissertation" was adorned with the colors of innuendo. Scott's and Jeffrey's incidental biography suffered from social touchiness. Lockhart swallowed the accounts of Currie and Walker concerning Burns's earlier years and relied on anonymous evidence for the rest. Afterwards, though the stiff-necked continued to collect the heel-taps of tavern imagination, matters began to mend.

Dr. McNaught prepares the way for justice with such a retrospect, and, further, with a reading of the spirit of Burns's age, with its "savage hospitality," its frank and free sexual behavior. In such an environment, what need was there at any time to harp upon Burns's "singularity"? "God knows," he wrote (and there perhaps lay his true singularity), "I have a whole host of sins and follies to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes." The essentials of his biography—the episode of Jean Armour in 1786, difficult to explain with finality; the unnecessarily magnified affair of Mary Campbell, the former love to whom Burns returned in his dejection after the Armour episode; his life as "an albino among blackbirds" in the eyes of Edinburgh conversaziones; his acting the part among the Crochallan Fencibles, and its subsequent conversion to a weapon against him; the Clarinda passage of histrionic love, and all the later humanities of Ellisland and Dumfries—these are put forth by a lively and generally judicious pen. Allan Cunningham, R. L. Stevenson, and W. E. Henley all secure a share of Dr. McNaught's round rebuke. Constructions upon rumors have no excuse with him; and his own account, while by no means pedantic in trifles, and in its warmth at times a little unconvincing, is authoritative. With those important additions, an index and a bibliography of editions and periodical materials down to Burns's death, it must supply, at any rate, the handbook-biography of Burns which the new information of the "Burns Chronicle" and other sources during recent years has indicated.

**Aspects of Ancient Indian Polity.** By N. N. LAW. (Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.)

THIS very learned volume is evidence of the great renaissance of scholarship among native Indian historians. It is the work of a member of the school that can claim, not without justice, to have redeemed Indian historiography from the reproach that its interpretation was made for it in England and Germany by men like MacDonell and Keith, Jolly and Zimmer. It is not merely learned. Indian antiquity is not made the less mysterious by the absence from its records of a political science in the accepted sense of the term. Its treatises deal in abundance with the practice of the statesman's art and the duties of princes; but of the ideas that lie behind the facts little or no analysis seems to have been made. How far that absence is due to a quite genuine lack of the political consciousness in ancient India is, of course, a moot and technical question. Certainly Mr. Law's researches, tentative though they are, would seem to point in that direction. Though men like Ludwig strove to find analogies between the polity of ancient India and ancient Germany, the truth is that religious differences are too fundamental to make such explanations tenable. Mr. Law, at least, is more cautious, and the chief value of his book consists in his very careful survey of the texts with a view to the discovery of the real significance of each institutional form. Particular attention should be drawn to the eighth chapter, where there is some interesting criticism of Sir James Frazer's views. It would be useful, in a later edition, to have Mr. Law revise this chapter in the light of Dr. Rivers's fundamental hypotheses laid down in his "Kinship and Social Organization."

### From the Publishers' Table.

THE spring lists of the publishers are remarkably full, and promise many good things; unluckily, the books are accumulating behind a trade dispute between the National Union of Printing and Paper Workers and the Book Trade Employers' Federation. Booksellers who are unable to obtain supplies from their wholesale agents should apply direct to the publishers, because there is no promise yet of a settlement of the dispute.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN'S output must terrify, as well as reproach, the authors who write only when moved by the spirit. He gives us adventure novels with openings so dangerous that a busy man must resign his affairs if he is beguiled into one, is the historian of the war in volume after volume, and now he is editing "A New History of the Nations," to be issued by Hodder & Stoughton. "The aim is to give a succinct historical account of the nations of to-day," with information (as late as the Peace Treaty) to assist the student of modern history and the man of business whose relations with foreign countries have been confused by new frontiers and Governments.

THE veritable existence of parish magazines used to be insisted upon by Spencer Leigh Hughes ("Sub Rosa"), and, for the fun of it, many Londoners were willing to believe that humorist. The "St. Martin-in-the-Fields Review," however, is not a joke. It is a better magazine, judging by the March number, than the common burden of the book-stalls. It contains an appreciation of Shackleton, by Sir Francis Younghusband; and an account of the work of M. Coué at Nancy, by M. M. Russell; an essay by Laurence Housman, another by Stephen Graham, and much else of an excellent quality. The editor promises for his next number an interview with Bernard Shaw on his religious views. St. Martin's must be something really like a church.

FROM John Lane we are to have "Anatole France and his Circle"—the table-talk of the great man, collected and recorded by Paul Gsell, and translated by Frederick Lees.

### The Drama.

#### TWO PESSIMISTS.

IT is many years now since Sir Arthur Pinero retold in one of his comedies with heightened romance the career of the playwright Tom Robertson. It was an appropriate act of piety, for the author of "Caste" is the spiritual father of the author of "The Enchanted Cottage." We make no attempt here to "place" either of them in order of merit among English dramatists, and we are not to be suspected of getting in a criticism by a by-blow when we say that both, seeming to be realists, are theatrical to the core. "Theatrical" is not used as a term of disparagement; it just indicates a difference of scope. The continual interplay between the stage and the masses of plain-minded spectators who make up the bulk of every audience, sets up everywhere a certain tradition of simple and common sentiment which—easily vulgarized and made mawkish as it can be—is not necessarily ignoble. It is, of course, a high ambition for a dramatist to aim at reforming and refining this *communis sensus*, but there is nothing derogatory in seeking merely to interpret it. Melodrama, farce, "cup and saucer" comedy, are the corruptions of what should be this plain and wholesome art; but great writers have dealt in it without corrupting it. "Henry V." is a specimen of it; so is "Quality Street." There has been a little flare of controversy lately over the question whether Tom Robertson is to be seriously reckoned in literature at all; but any worth he has comes from his resolution to eschew subtle problems and keep to the ancient, universal instincts, loves, and griefs of the incorrigible spirit of man. Such plays may indeed raise questions in the mind of the unsympathetic spectator, but if that is the author's fault, it is not his wish. He entreats your acquiescence.

The first Pinero triumphs were in this vein—truly glorious Dickensian fantasies which it were an insult to call "farces." Then he strayed into the adjoining field of the theorizing, sociological drama, to win successes which varied with his ability to express uncongenial themes by sheer mental violence in terms of his own *genre*; and now at last he has, it would seem, settled down in his proper sphere, foreshadowed by "Trelawny of the Wells," the comedy of sentiment. "The Freaks" was an essay; "The Enchanted Cottage" is a success. It makes no pretence at any striking or complex plot. It just gives expression to the most naive yearnings of the ordinary unfortunates of the world, yearnings that have been increased in these last days through the wreckage of the war. So, besides the plain woman who would fain be beautiful, the rejected spinster longing for wifehood and motherhood, the too much married clergyman sighing for the affluence of lawn-sleeves, we have the crippled soldier who would fain recover his strength and comeliness, the blinded soldier who would fain have his sight restored. These miracles are accomplished (or seem to be so) partly by some touch of magic in the cottage where a grey-haired descendant of witches still keeps house, partly in an avowed marriage-dream which has a childlike sweetness that would have been enhanced if Sir Arthur had entrusted the *rococo* caprices of his vision, the imps and elves, the cherubs and the fairy bridesmaids, to some producer of the modern school, which knows how to wring poetry from stagecraft. The lumbering presentation cannot, however, destroy the charm of the episode and its delicious incongruities. It is a blend of Royal Princess's wedding, nursery tale, and wild irrationalities drawn from the day's hearsay and experience, like the long-nosed sister-in-law and the notorious stepfather-in-law with his trophy of fowls—all irradiated by the essential goodness and gentleness of the unsophisticated bride. Surely this is the very best, because the tenderest, Pinero.

The interpretation of the parable, indeed, is not too clear. (We learn that the play has been changed at its ending since the first night; as it stands it is certainly enigmatic.) Oliver Bashforth, a wasted war cripple, married

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**A PROPHET ON PROFITS.**

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN the peculiarly unsweet September of 1918, amongst other things I wrote the following sentence, which was then quoted in many of the newspapers: "If we do not smash the unlimited power of the Bureaucracy it will smash us." Which was prophetic.

I have just seen in a friend's stables a magnificent litter of nine Alsatian Wolf Hounds. A wonderful achievement, but puny in comparison to the breeding of the Bureaucrats during the last few years.

The cold truth is that we have not yet succeeded in smashing the Bureaucrats and that they have very nearly smashed us. So, apparently, the only hope of the future is cannibalism, for when they have consumed all our resources, they will be compelled to consume each other. But many of us will not be there to enjoy our revenge.

It is a mad world in which the politicians and their bureaucratic parasites peevishly parade before a poverty-stricken people. Which is a perfectly damnable alliteration, provided by a perfectly damnable state of things.

The all-important subject of to-day is profits and not prophets. For a prophet is only acclaimed in his grave, while a profiteer is only acclaimed by the gay.

In the Press there has been much idle vapour about the high price of men's clothes in the West End. It is all ironically absurd. The minimum price now charged by Pope and Bradley for a Lounge Suit is nine guineas, and for a light overcoat seven guineas, which prices are about 20 per cent. cheaper than those charged by any other of the exclusive firms. To endeavour to buy under these prices means buying second-rate materials which do not wear, and second-class workmanship, which does not last. And anyone who imagines that even an adequate, let alone an excessive, profit is made at the prices charged here should consult my Chartered Accountants or the Inland Revenue Commissioners. But please don't consult me on the profits which barely exist, for my indignant "blast" would be louder than Applejohn's at the Criterion.

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Laura Pennington, an unattractive, young old maid, from a cynical sense that they were fitted to console one another. Then they saw each other (and we saw them) changed to grace and beauty—as they surmised, because the keeper of the cottage where they made their honeymoon was a witch. The only friend who called, blind Major Hillgrove, took their word for the miracle. Then (after the interlude of Laura's nuptial dream) they summoned Oliver's egoistic, chattering mother and his pompous "step" to behold the transformation and rejoice. But when they presented themselves to the visitors we saw (though they could not) that they had shrivelled to their old ugliness again. Are we to draw the obvious moral? That love is blind and the transformation was spiritual? In that case surely they ought to have remained lovely to us to the end, though the eyes of the worldlings were holden. The purpose of the fable, we supposed, was to give a body to the invisible. As it is, we leave them ugly, disillusioned apparently, and making, we feel, when all is said, a rueful rather than a confident struggle to look for comfort within and for hope to the child of the future. Somehow we feel that their creator, whatever he wished to do, was bound to end it so. Did he not leave poor Tom Wrench in the same way, "still clutching the inviolable shade"? It is the ineluctable pessimism of the Romantic. He is an idealist pursuing the fragility of dreams, not a mystic whose visions outflow reality. For all that, the minor key may be more appealing.

The cast of "The Enchanted Cottage" is selected with fine skill. Mr. Owen Nares as Oliver is able to bring out far more of the great talent that is in him than the plays he usually selects allow. Only he really shows *trop de zèle* in sacrificing his looks. Sick and shattered men do not (thank God) have that goblin-like look, unless, like Blind Pew, they have always been villains. We are inclined to make a little the same complaint about Miss Laura Cowie; young girls rarely look so haggard as she makes Laura Pennington, unless they are diseased. But we do not care to make trifling cavils when the bird-like grace and fascination of her acting in the "transformation" scenes is still fresh in our memory. We would far more readily believe that she is a daughter of witches than anyone else concerned in the affair. Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Major Hillgrove seems to have "found himself." It is a beautiful performance without a flicker of his past mannerisms. Only the genius of Miss Winifred Emery and the rare finish of Mr. Norman Forbes could have saved the figures of the mother and the stepfather from becoming bores not in jest but in grim earnest. Rather a sacrifice of Miss Emery, but a notable piece of work!

When we turn from "The Enchanted Cottage," at the Duke of York's, to Mr. Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," at the Court, we feel the sharp change of climate. We are no longer with the Romantics who take the accessories of daily life as trappings for their fancy, but with the real Realists. The waifs of humanity that blow along the Embankment with the straw and scraps of paper and the rest of the social refuse, until they find a harbor at Christopher Wellwyn's studio in the all-embracing charity of that royal heart, are actual in every feature. Unmistakable too is the team of reformers—the Humanitarian, the Brutalitarian, and the Vicar. It is all such a grey and daylight scene that we wish Mr. Leon M. Lion had not put on such a stagey wig or allowed a backcloth of the old pseudo-realistic convention. This is a play that stirs up the powers of reflection, and seems to taunt the spectator with his inability to answer its queries. Fortunately one can always take refuge in principle with Christopher Wellwyn himself. We fancy he knew very well that the creatures who plucked him called him derisively the pigeon; as an artist he had probably seen the symbol *Pie Pelicane* often enough. But there seems to us room for a good deal of discrimination. Hard little Anne, his daughter, spoke of the "six rotters," lumping the strays and the philanthropists together, but we should not do that. Why put Sir Thomas Hoxton with his panacea of punishment on a level with Professor Calway, who labored, however pedantically, at a real

remedy? Why be hard on the clergyman who, for all his muddle-headedness, pays with his person more than either of the other two? It is the same with the outcasts. Drunken old Timson at least drove his cab so long as he had a cab to drive. Guinevere, if a frail piece of flesh, preferred, we cannot doubt, to sell violets rather than sell herself. Only the vagrant Ferrand (unwelcome intruder from other Galsworthy works) seems quite worthless. He will only pluck, and frame philosophies which may allow him to despise those he plucks. Nothing is more futile than his defence, that if he were wealthy he would pass for a charming, *dilettante* traveller. The richer he was the more noxious parasite he would be. Yet we feel that when Mr. Galsworthy discloses the depths of his thought to us Ferrand is bound to emerge. It is the paradox of this great writer's works that at the very moment of uprooting some crying wrong (and people take practical action on Mr. Galsworthy's tracts) he so often numbs us with the suggestion that no wrongs can be uprooted. Save Timson and Guinevere—it could be done—and he flings Ferrand at your head. At the moment of attainment he too is struck down by pessimism.

The wig to which we have adverted does not prevent Mr. Lion from giving a faithful, if uninspired, portrait of Wellwyn; Miss Pratt draws out all that can be got from such a neutral as Guinevere, and Mr. Ernest Hendrie finds the rich humors of Timson ideally adapted to his style. The most striking performance, however, is that of Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Ferrand, faultlessly French and deeply pathetic. But we must not omit, because it is small, Mr. Dirk Daniell's sketch of the police constable in the last scene. It is so very convincing down to the smallest detail that it is hard to believe it can be only acting.

D. I. M.

## Science.

### A MODERN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

MR. ROBERT STEELE, in a recent essay on Roger Bacon, has described the thirteenth century as the age of encyclopædias. In that age of abounding life and definite doctrines the universe was still small enough and men were energetic enough for a comprehensive account of all that was thought and known to be an achievement that lay within one man's lifetime. The colossal "Imago Mundi" of Vincent of Beauvais comprised three sections, the *Speculum Naturale*, the *Speculum Doctrinale*, and the *Speculum Historiale*, and the whole work was written in twenty-four years, from 1240 to 1264. The system of classification adopted is alone sufficient to show us that we are dealing with a very different outlook on the world from our own. Thus the sciences are not grouped together; they are scattered throughout the first two sections. The first section, which is supposed to be a full description of all created living beings, from angels to fishes and plants, includes astronomy and the calendar as well as human physiology and anatomy, and also discusses the problem of what would happen to a stone dropped down a hole passing through the centre of the earth. In the second section we find, besides ethics, alchemy, and metallurgy, theoretical and practical medicine, and mathematics. Amongst all the innumerable classifications of the sciences which have been propounded in our own day we find none resembling this. The assumptions which underlay this classification had to be discarded before modern science could be born. And with the birth of modern science came so enormous an increase in the number of facts that one-man encyclopædias became utterly impossible. Will they remain impossible? As science progresses facts become more numerous, but so also do the connections between the sciences. A one-man encyclopædia which shall contain every known scientific fact will always be impossible, but the whole trend of science goes to show that the different sciences are approaching a unification which will make it quite



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possible for one man, on the basis of a few comprehensive principles, to take a bird's-eye view of them all. Thirty years ago, in fact, a one-man encyclopædia was less possible than it is at the present day.

At the present moment, however, no man can deal adequately with more than one branch of science, and generally, indeed, with only one section of that branch. It is usual to find that a modern comprehensive treatise on any branch of science is written by several hands. We are a long way from the thirteenth century. Nevertheless, although we have no Vincent of Beauvais, there are minor heroes, and amongst them we must rank Dr. J. W. Mellor, who announces "A Comprehensive Treatise on Inorganic and Theoretical Chemistry,"\* which is to exist in six or seven volumes of about one thousand pages each. "This work," we are told, "aims at giving a complete description of all the compounds known in Inorganic Chemistry," and "It will cover a larger range of facts, described in greater detail, than can be found in any work hitherto published on the subject at home or abroad." We are glad that this spirit is not dead. Seven thousand large pages of close type, every statement trailing after it its immense chain of "references," is a work which extorts respect in this short-winded age. And the work is no mere patient compilation of chemical substances. It is conceived in the real, old opulent spirit. We have an introduction which is everything it should be, starting, not with a summary of the perfections of God, but with the modern equivalent, the irrefragability of the scientific method. This strikes the right note—dignified, leisurely, comprehensive.

Having surveyed the universal principles of the undertaking, we come to particular and usually erroneous manifestations of them; we embark on the History of Chemistry in China, India, and Chaldea. We follow on with the History of Chemistry in Egypt, in Greece and Rome, in Syria, Persia, and Arabia, and then to the Chemistry of the Middle Ages, Alchemy and Medico-chemistry. And so we come to the rise of modern chemistry, of the science of chemistry as we understand it, where the proper principles which should govern the understanding are first employed. Such an introduction would, we suppose, be absurd in a less comprehensive work, but we confess we should like to see something of the kind in every modern text-book. Such introductions are of enormous consequence to the imaginative student. He has some chance of being enthusiastically interested in the facts he learns when he sees them as the hard-won crown of so old and prodigious an effort. The glib definitions of the modern text-book, the neat little packets of formulæ, are depressing to the young and ardent imagination. They are as neat and stereotyped as two poached eggs on toast, but they are much less nourishing as well as much less pleasant than a leisurely dinner with all sorts of unnecessary extras and appurtenances. The analogy is a bad one, we admit, for we cannot liken Dr. Mellor's treatise to a meal. There are no such Gargantuan appetites. The student who wishes to go through a course of inorganic chemistry will certainly not select Dr. Mellor's treatise as his text-book. But his professor will probably consult it before giving his lecture, and research chemists will look up the sections that interest them. It is the sort of book that stands placidly on the shelves waiting to be consulted, that nobody ever reads all through, but of which there is no part which is not, at some time or other, read by somebody. In this remark we are not including those German scholars who may be fired with the ambition to write a still bigger book, for we confess to feeling it a little unnatural that the biggest book on anything should be written by an Englishman. But, speaking for normal readers, we may say that there is something here for everybody. To the present reviewer the first volume is the more interesting, partly for its historical introduction and partly for its comprehensive account of the scientific theories most pertinent to modern chemistry. Many of these, such as Thermodynamics, and the Kinetic Theory of Atoms and Molecules, are as inevitable in a work on physics as on

chemistry, and in the third volume, which is to contain, amongst other things, Radio-activity and the Structure of Matter, Dr. Mellor will take us, presumably, into the very heart of the modern physical outlook. This, again, is, of course, quite inevitable, since it is now impossible to draw any definite boundary between physics and chemistry. Most of the volumes, however, like the second volume, will be concerned with properly chemical topics, the chemical properties of the different elements and their compounds, taken, for the most part, in the order in which they occur in the periodic table. It is obviously superfluous to commend such a work; we can merely announce that it has arrived and express our admiration and respect to its author.

S.

## Exhibitions of the Week.

**Barbizon House**, 8, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square: Drawings by FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

NEARLY all these drawings are studies for large decorative works, mainly mural paintings for public buildings in America. There can be little doubt that in large decorations of this kind Brangwyn's tremendous gifts of color and design have found their finest expression. His canvases seem often overcrowded: splendid as they can be, the design is sometimes almost lost in a confused opulence, and they seem painfully confined within their frames. They are too lavish, and the magnificent powers of this master are liable to be obscured by this want of economy. But the art of decoration has given him elbow-room, and these drawings are interesting inasmuch as, though but preparations for something greater, they display the artist's genius as a draughtsman rather than as a composer. It is, indeed, unfortunate that some sort of outline or reproduction of the decorative scheme is not available, as in the absence of something of the sort, the rhythm and feeling of the figures are bound to be obscured. But the drawings stand well by themselves. They are mostly elaborate and highly finished—by no means the mere *croquis*—little whiffs of pencilled sentiment—which so many artists, or their executors, have been content to sell as drawings. One remembers painfully the later Degas sales in Paris. The drawings of isolated figures are the most interesting. They show Brangwyn's powers divested of all the splendors of his color and composition, and unaided by all the secrets which few like him have been able to extract from the copper and the stone: and they are full of a quiet, grave beauty which seems almost unexpected in his work. The "Man with a Globe" and the "Man with Two Pots" (Nos. 9 and 14) are particularly noteworthy. The drawings of old men and beggars have an excellent humor. The few historical scenes and figures seem less vigorous. But it is all fine work, strong and clear as a drawing by Michael Angelo. It is a sad reproach that Brangwyn should have been so greatly known and honored abroad, and that so little use should have been made of this noble decorative talent in his own country. Indeed, we have little work of this kind on any scale, except at the Skinners' Hall, some of the drawings for which are in this exhibition; and it is salutary for us to remember that his war cartoons were drawn, not for England, but for America and Belgium.

E. S.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 11. Royal Institution, 3.—"Radio-activity," Lecture II., Sir Ernest Rutherford.  
 Sun. 12. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Ethics and Industry," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.  
 Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 5.—"The Functions of a University," Mr. H. J. Laski.  
 Mon. 13. Royal Geographical Society, 5.—"The Regional Survey of the Croydon Natural History Society," Mr. C. C. Fagg.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Quality in Tunes," Mr. H. C. Colles.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Awakening of Nationality in the Balkans," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

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